

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

THE article by Trotzky which we publish this week is the conclusion of the compulsory labor programme speech, of which we published a portion in an earlier issue of the *LIVING AGE*. It illustrates strikingly Bolshevik acceptance of the idea of governing without the consent of the governed. Contradictory rumors appear in the European press regarding the success of forced labor, and probably its introduction has been delayed by the new military demands upon the Russian armies created by the Polish offensive. A recent report *via* Denmark states that Lenin has won over Trotzky and his party to his own more liberal interpretation of a practical Bolshevik policy. His programme is now one of free trade and recognition of the right to own personal property. According to another report, the Communist party is divided into three groups, of which Lenin and Trotzky are the centre. The extreme radicals under Rykov want to apply Communism in its extreme form, while the Conservative wing wishes to restore something resembling the pre-war industrial system, under strict government control.

Russian exiles residing in Berlin

have formed a society called 'Peace and Labor' for the purpose of propagating among their fellow Russians abroad the idea that the first requisite for Russia's political recovery is peace, and that political activity on the part of Russians likely to prolong a state of war, either in that country or between that country and its neighbors, is to be condemned. Reports from Petrograd *via* Finland are to the effect that the survivors of the *intelligentsia* and the old middle class are equally bitter against England, France, and Germany, whose governments they accuse of predatory ambitions against their own country. They, therefore, have rallied to the support of Lenin's government, believing that it is certain to undergo a speedy modification in a direction acceptable to themselves.

The Soviet authorities are possibly learning a lesson from the mistakes of their enemies in dealing with the population of the territories they overrun. There seems little doubt but what the failure of the anti-Bolshevist armies is due in no small part to the hostility they incurred in the districts they occupied. After all, no government is likely to prove stable in Russia which does not have

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the support of the peasants, who are the principal sufferers from these invasions. According to *Humanité*, Lenin recently delivered an address on the peasant question in Moscow at a meeting of the organization, 'Village Labor.' In this address he spoke of two problems, conciliating the peoples of captured territories and winning the support of the peasants to the Bolshevik régime. He is reported to have said:

'The labor of the villages is very hard. The experience which Kolchak, Judenich, and Denikin have had shows that great tact is necessary in dealing with the people whose territories one acquires. The villages have not only their poorest peasants who are champions of the Soviet Government, and their rich peasants who are enemies of the revolution, but also a middle class of farmers who present a difficult problem for Communism. For the peasant has always looked upon the surplus of his crop as personal property to dispose of as he wishes, although dealing in grain in a country that is famishing involves speculation and profiteering. We must avoid by all means a violent and compulsory socialization. But we must persuade the peasants by convincing arguments that the Soviet Government has their interests also at heart. We must prove to the peasants that the Communist system of agriculture possesses great advantages. This is a complicated and difficult task. We cannot perform it in a moment. It will take a long time to win the sympathy and co-operation of the peasants. We must extend the communal organization of agriculture. Since that system cannot be successful without the supervision of experts, we must employ bourgeois specialists whose political activity will be under the constant surveillance of Communists.'

JAPAN IN SIBERIA

JAPAN'S policy in Siberia is being seriously criticized, especially by the Liberal and Socialist press. The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* says:

Japan has disarmed the Bolshevik forces in Siberia, and now holds all the more important towns within the territory east of Baikal. This does not mean that the gigantic task undertaken is nearly ended; for the country is full of armed bands that will for an indefinite period keep up a guerrilla warfare that Japan may find more difficult to subdue than veterans in drawn battle. But such difficulties do not much matter to Japan. The military party, now in the ascendant in this country, went into Siberia with eyes open to all emergencies, and determined never to withdraw until their country was firmly implanted in the northern territory, in accordance with the traditional policy of the nation from ancestral days. Japan could not show her hand so long as the Allied forces were in Siberia; but no sooner was the last American soldier gone than Japan decided to disarm the Bolshevik troops in Siberia. The reasons given for this move by the Japanese army were that the Bolsheviks had interfered with Japanese soldiers on guard. This assertion differs from the evidence of those on the spot, who aver that a Japanese soldier was sent into the sections of Vladivostok patrolled by Russians, ordered not to stop when challenged, and so to cause a row. And the fact that the process of disarmament was begun simultaneously in all the more important Siberian centres indicates that it was prearranged. There is no satisfactory evidence of provocation. It was fulfillment of policy pure and simple.

Siberia is now under the hand of Japanese militarism. It was anticipation of this that drove the Siberians into support of the Bolsheviks. Better one's own devils than foreign angels. Yea, rather better the devil you know than the devil you don't know. It is safe to say that the vast majority of the Russians, even in Siberia, would prefer death to coming under Japanese rule. The relations between Japanese and Russians in the territory are those of positive and bitter hatred. Reports of harsh measures and cases of cruelty perpetrated are leaking out. We do not pretend to confirm or deny them. Nothing reported of the Japanese troops can be worse than has been reported of the Bolsheviks, and even of Kolchak's armies. The present is not a time for undue reference to details. What the world wants to know is Japan's intentions in Siberia.

In spite of Russian compliance with the most stringent and drastic commands of the Japanese General, Japan has seized the maritime prov-

inces of Russia, and placed them under military rule, with Russian officials given municipal liberty so long as they do nothing to retard Japanese movements. This military *coup* can only be explained on the assumption that it was a pre-determined step in accordance with execution of deliberate policy. The situation becomes all the more ominous when it is remembered that the step was taken without the knowledge and consent of the Japanese Government, and, worse still, contrary to the wishes of the Cabinet. Even the Japanese press appears astounded at the high-handed action of the military authorities; though one does not see why there should be much ground for surprise, since the army is practically independent of the Ministry and directly under Imperial control. Moreover, it was always known that the Military party was determined to take advantage of the long unrest in Siberia to establish Japanese rule more firmly on the continent of Eastern Asia.

What then becomes of the numerous official announcements in Tokyo that Japan has no territorial ambitions in Siberia? Such assurances are of no value so long as the authority offering them has no power over the army of Japan, which now dictates the nation's continental policy.

At the other extreme of British newspaper opinion the conservative *Morning Post* comments:

The entire Japanese press is ostensibly opposed to the war in Siberia. For weeks the vernacular papers have been urging immediate evacuation of the territory. There is some reason to believe that this attitude is one of policy, however, to appease criticism of Japan's alleged militarism in the British and American press. But the world cannot be humbugged in this way for long. It is impossible to believe that the War Department could thus take matters in its own hands and set out on a foreign war if the Japanese nation were opposed to it. The militarists have not the least objection to abuse from the vernacular press so long as it can do something toward camouflaging their policy in Siberia and keep off foreign interference until Japan achieves her object.

What succeeds like success? In Japanese eyes, nothing! If the military party can 'get away with it,' the nation will approve.

PERSIA AGAINST BRITISH PROTECTION

WITH the rapid advance of the Bolsheviks southward since the practical elimination of Denikin's army, public

sentiment in Persia has revealed itself as strongly opposed to the so-called Anglo-Persian agreement with Great Britain, by which the latter country was given a large degree of control over its political institutions and the natural resources. According to the London *Times*, Russian influence, which had temporarily waned, is rapidly reviving. Every true Russian element in the Far East, whether Bolshevik or not, is frankly opposed to the Anglo-Persian agreement, and rejoices to see Russia again in Baku. Even the Persian Cossack division, which was supposed to be sympathetic with Denikin, is now reported ready to join the Bolsheviks. This organization, though in old days hated by Persian patriots, is now hailed as the champion of Persia's liberty.

GERMAN STEEL MAGNATES AND THE PRESS

PUBLIC opinion in Germany is much exercised just at present — especially in view of the recent electoral campaign — over the increasing extent to which the great newspapers of Germany are coming under the control of representatives of the iron, steel, and allied industries. Since the revolution, many German papers have been in a hard way financially. The cost of materials and labor has advanced faster than subscription and advertising rates. Several publishing houses have lost heavily through strikes and disorders, and their plants have in some instances been temporarily in possession of radical revolutionists. Their financial distress has facilitated their acquisition by great capitalists.

Furthermore, the charge is made, and is supported by considerable evidence, that the allotment of general advertising in Germany is already controlled by the representatives of Krupp's and other great firms. Hugo Stinnes and his associates not long ago pur-

chased a large publishing house in Berlin and several country newspapers. Another group, operating as the 'Vera Company,' is spending generous sums to influence the needy German press through its advertising columns. During the war the newspapers thus controlled were used as instruments of Pan-German propaganda. They are now supporting a conservative or reactionary political programme, and fighting the proposed socialization of the great monopolistic industries.

Complaints regarding these conditions are of long standing, but they have become louder just at present on account of the reported purchase of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* by Stinnes. This paper, formerly known as the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, has always stood so close to the government as to be rated as a semi-official organ. Commenting on this situation, *Vossische Zeitung* says:

There is no doubt that Stinnes is planning to organize a gigantic German newspaper trust. It is unnecessary to comment upon the enormous danger this constitutes for the public morals and the political freedom of Germany. . . . Primarily Stinnes's idea may be a purely commercial one. He has also quietly laid the foundations for a great print paper trust. He owns several of the East Prussia cellulose and pulp factories, which obtain coal regularly on account of his large colliery holdings.

Hugo Stinnes is one of the ablest, if not the very ablest captain of industry which Germany possesses. He has made no small part of his fortune in the midst of the conditions which have impoverished his fellow countrymen. He is said to have no interest in lowering prices or deflating the currency. As a sort of super-profiteer, his control of the press is thought to bode no good for the rank and file of his countrymen.

German financiers and industrialists are exhibiting concern at the threatened preponderance of foreign

capital in that country. Owing to the depreciation of the mark, German real estate and German industrial stocks are being bought up by strangers at a fraction of their actual value. Outside firms supplying raw materials and equipment are taking securities and shares of the German-Roumanian Petroleum Company and some of the analine companies in payment. Extensive holdings in the German Trans-Oceanic Electric Company have been purchased through Swiss intermediaries, in behalf of Spanish and South American investors. The Dutch are buying German government securities on Belgian account. Large quantities of German mortgage bonds and municipal loans also are reported to be falling into the hands of foreigners.

ROUMANIA CHECKS PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY

ROUMANIA, like its neighbors, has suffered from unstable political conditions ever since the beginning of the war. The first election after the acquisition of its new territories following the armistice resulted in the appointment of a ministry presided over by a statesman, who until recently has been a subject of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and whose sympathies lean toward granting a large degree of autonomy to the recently annexed province of Transylvania, which he represented. Since the appointment of General Averescu as Premier, the movement to centralize authority at Bucharest has gained strength and the provincial council of Transylvania has been dissolved. The programme of the Averescu Cabinet includes the following points: To put through agrarian reform, 'restoration of economic equilibrium'; strengthening the public finances by a voluntary or compulsory domestic loan, and disarmament.

DENMARK TO REGULATE PROFITS

DENMARK is debat'g a law for limiting profits, introduced by the Minister of the Interior. The most important points in the bill are the following:

I. No sale shall be legal which involves a higher profit than the average profit on August 1, 1914.

II. Prices shall be based upon actual cost, including freight and other delivery charges.

III. Prices of imported goods shall exceed the price delivered in Denmark only by two profits: the profit of the importing merchant and of the retailer, thus abolishing unnecessary middlemen's profits.

IV. It is forbidden to enter into contracts for deliveries extending over more than one year, which are *ipso facto* illegal.

V. Commercial contracts which violate the price provisions of the new law are invalid, even though they may have been made before the law actually went into effect.

MINOR NOTES

THE Danish press considers the recent elections in Denmark evidence that a majority of the people, and especially of the farmers, disapprove of the general strike as the political weapon, and of the recent agitation against a monarchy. Indeed, the Radical Agrarian party, which is not in sympathy with the Socialists, will be the leading party in parliament.

THE *Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung* reports that unemployment is now decreasing in that city, although the situation in the metal working trades and among casual laborers is still very bad. Of thirty-one thousand workers in the former group of occupations, only nine thousand are now earning wages. Since timber is obtainable,

nearly all the joiners and furniture makers have work, and the latter industry is one of no slight importance in Vienna and vicinity. Tailors and jewelers are busy, and total unemployment in the textile trades is avoided as far as possible, all but from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred of the regular employees being given at least some work every week.

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian* the volume of unemployment in Lancashire and Cheshire has stood fairly constant for some time. About forty thousand are without work, of whom four fifths are men. The problem is chiefly the old one of placing unskilled general laborers. There is a shortage of skilled labor, which is itself one reason why it is difficult to find work for unskilled labor. The coal shortage also accounts for some unemployment.

WINSTON CHURCHILL recently stated in Parliament that the troops on the Rhine number 145,000: 95,000 are French, 20,000 are Belgian, 16,000 American, and 14,000 English.

COMMERCIAL aviation has continued to make progress since the war. According to an authoritative article in the English press:

A year ago, though we said we felt certain commercial aeroplanes could fly regularly, we had no actual proof we could bring forward. Today we have. For the first ten weeks of the London-Paris air express, though there were many days when the wind blew with gale force, and rain fell heavily, our scheduled aeroplanes flew between London and Paris with a firmer adherence to their time tables than was the case with the Continental boats and trains. Only one flight, in fact, during the first forty thousand miles flying was prevented by weather; while, after having combated extraordinarily bad weather up to mid-December, the 'aerial postmen' had been able to accomplish as many as two hundred and eight of their two hundred and forty scheduled flights.

[*Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn* (Soviet Official Economic Journal), January]

LABOR CONTROL IN RUSSIA

BY LEO TROTZKY

So long as we have not received complete and safe guaranties for the security of Soviet Russia's frontiers, so long as the foreign policies of the rest of the world have not been stabilized and we are threatened with sudden and unforewarned attacks, we have no right to start demobilization. But though we may keep the army under arms, we shall use larger or smaller portions for economic services. We may withdraw from the army workmen specially needed by our industries, and order them by hundreds or thousands to important work, and again, in case of necessity, return them at any moment to the front.

The present situation of the Third army is as follows: This army has accomplished its military task. It consists of no less than 150,000 men. (I may now openly quote this figure.) This army is highly trained and it is no wonder that it has itself asked if it might be used for labor purposes, its military work being accomplished.

Following are the conditions of 'labor duty.' First of all we must preserve the army as a unit, and preserve it on a war footing. It is not to be dispersed and it must be given clear and simple tasks. Of course the army cannot take charge of the management of a machine factory or textile mill, nor handle railroad transportation and repair railroad cars, but it can accomplish a great amount of work, for which large forces are required, such as chopping and transporting of wood, cutting peat, or supplying and trans-

porting foodstuffs. As long as the army, as such, is used for work on a large scale, or in divers smaller groups at factories, it is directed by the organizations administrating the industries of this district or factory. In other words, the army can be employed for industrial service only when so ordered by the Soviet of National Economy of the Province, by the District President of the Supreme Soviet of National Economy, or by other duly authorized bodies.

The same applies to farm work, which the army undertakes only when called upon by the National Commissariat of Agriculture. This prevents any disturbance of the government's plans for centralizing of control over production. Another condition, where the army is used for labor purposes, is that the soldiers' rations shall be the same as those of local workmen.

Workmen had to permit temporarily that the army was better fed than themselves, because our soldiers were exposed to greater privations, and were suffering more from typhus than even our starving laborers. But Red army laborers cannot, of course, continue to be better fed than the neighboring Ural workmen. For this purpose the Third army has been ordered by the National Commissariat of Supply, to distribute to the Ural proletariat of the same region — and this is a large one — rations equal to those of the Red army soldiers.

It is natural that the local Trade Unions and the political Soviets will

remain, from the very beginning, in close touch with this army, so as to prevent any misunderstandings between the military and local labor organizations.

The reports we receive from our comrades in the Ural region prove that they understand fully their duties. A spirit of superiority of one over the other does not and could not exist among the proletariat, as the army's leaders are themselves laborers. Naturally changes have to be made in the organization of the army for labor purposes. I will read to you an extract from one of the reports, which gives a clear picture of the organization of the Labor army. This is what comrades Daersky and Lokatskoff report:

URALSK, January 19: I inform you of the following in reply to your telegram: The assistance of the army forces in the agricultural campaign in this district will not only largely increase the amount of worked fields, but only with the assistance of these forces can the completely ruined farms recommence production. The large amount of farm machinery in this district requiring repair, shows the necessity of exerting ourselves to the utmost in this direction. Large tracts of land can not be cultivated without its assistance. It is of the greatest importance to take all possible measures to improve transportation on the railroad line of Pokrovsk-Uralsk; as in the environs of the Atata-Yershovsk Station millions of poods of grain are lying under the open sky, there being no more room for it in the storehouses.

In to-day's conference with the leading laborers of the army and the representatives of the local Soviet and party organizations, namely, the revolutionary Commissariat, and committee representing the Agricultural Section, the Soviet of National Economy, the Trade Unions, the District Committee of Supply, and the railroad officials, a plan of action was worked out and ordered. The officials in charge of the different economic branches, in particular the Agricultural Section and

the Soviet of National Economy, will, during the next few days, give exact figures of the number of workers and the quantity of machinery required immediately to restore production to the normal. A workman with large experience in different branches of industry will be appointed chief of the army staff. His assistant will be the former chief of staff, an officer of the general staff. As soon as the army returns to military duties, they will exchange places again, and the former chief of staff will take full charge. The Department of Operation of the army is now called Operation Department for Labor. In this capacity it directs the soldiers as workers. Formerly this department used to give the order, 'take such and such villages'; or 'advance so and so many versts in a certain direction.' Now the orders sound differently: 'a certain number of cubic fathoms of wood are to be prepared in such or such a district.' All orders issue from this department, at the head of which is a laborer of large experience.

Just think, comrades, of what enormous importance the centralized telegraph and telephone communication is to the army. Every regiment has its own telephone system and can establish direct communication with its division, brigade, and army staffs. Here you have a great labor force scattered over large districts, all trained to execute the orders given to them exactly as received, and reporting on the work completed at the end of each day.

Instead of the Department of Intelligence, a statistical one has been organized, in which the same personnel is employed. The telephone detachment referred to just now, remains unchanged. It has an enormous task before it, to unite by telephone all labor detachments and their administra-

tions with the general army staff, so that the staff is informed every day, at two o'clock, the results of each day's work. A technical-scientific department will be organized in addition to the Soviet of the Labor army, to work out the general plans. It will consist of the most experienced Communist laborers, and the appointed chiefs of various departments and detachments.

Here I have the first labor communique, stating the amount of cubic fathoms of wood prepared and transported, the number of carpenters ordered to the railroad line for truck repairing, and the like. Naturally this is only the beginning. Many mistakes will be made and later remedied. But the system cannot be at fault, for it has the same foundation as our whole Soviet system.

Here we have several thousands of Ural and other workmen of standing leading this labor army. We also have several tens of thousands of peasants of different degrees of skill and intelligence who are led by these labor officers. What is the meaning of this? It is a small image of entire Soviet Russia, a small image of our entire economic life, consisting of millions of laborers and millions of peasants. Its leaders are the minority of more intelligent peasants and a majority of our city laborers. Why should this organization not succeed, if Soviet Russia, as a whole, succeeds? After making our first experiment with the Ural army, we have tried it elsewhere. Already the Second army — though for some reason it is not called so, but keeps the old name of 'Reserve army' — has been equipped for work in the transportation service. By special order of the Workers' and Peasants' Soviet of Defense, the Labor army, formed as a replacement and reserve force for our Front armies, with a good system of administration (the staff is in Kasan) has

been put entirely at the disposal of the National Commissariat of Traffic, for special service on the Moscow-Kasan and Ekaterinburg-Kasan railroads.

Comrades, the Third army has already been transformed (fourth by number). This army that marches along the Ural River will execute its military work, and at the same time has been ordered by the Soviet of Defense to assist the Committee of Supply and the National Commissariat of Traffic in hurriedly building the railroad line Alexandroff Gai-Emba, for transporting fuel oil. Those Ural districts, in which civil war has raged with special cruelty, are entirely devastated and lack the labor required for agriculture. With consent of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Comrade Sereda, we have sent them instructions to employ the assistance of the Fourth army in preparing agricultural machinery and spring farming. This, comrades, is a new experiment, employing the man power of the army as a tool of production, in this case agriculture. With the consent of the Ukraine Revolutionary Committee, the Soviet of Defense has confirmed the formation of a Labor army in the Ukraine. The formation of another Labor army for the North Caucasus is planned, and this will prove of the greatest importance when we reach the petroleum fields of Grosno.

Comrades, an armistice has been concluded in the north, which we hope will soon lead to peace with Estonia. The Seventh army is stationed there. That is a district rich in peat. It has been decided to use in digging peat such forces of the Seventh army as we cannot demobilize, so long as Finland is still brandishing arms. Besides we do not know what Estonia and Lettland may be up to to-morrow. In any case, we must use the forces of the Seventh army for peat work. This is one of the

ways of making use of the already organized and intelligent human labor especially in our border provinces, so rich in raw material. If they succeed there in concentrating raw materials at railroad junctions, clearing the railroad lines of snow, invigorating the railroad transportation, and furnishing us in the central industrial districts with the bread and wood we need so badly, then the flow of blood through the veins of Soviet Russia's economic body will revive and its heart will begin beating louder, more regularly, and energetically. So it would be unpardonable to undervalue our first experience with using the army for labor purposes — from which we draw a lesson which promises to be of vital importance. When we start labor mobilization on a large scale, to draft hundreds of thousands and millions of peasants into production, we shall not be able to mobilize them with the help of the Trade Unions. We can accomplish it only by military measures. They will have to be organized into a labor formation, consisting of labor companies, and battalions, with strict discipline. Those who have not passed through the school of the Trade Unions will have to be put into labor organizations of a pure military character. We already have these organizations in our armies. We only have to make use of them, transforming them for labor uses. This has already been done.

There is opposition to these armies on the part of some, and ridiculous rumors regarding them are current. We will pay no attention to such nonsense. We have said that the leaders of the labor class have taken the rule of the country into their hands, and have the right to force the still unenlightened laboring masses to respect the laws of labor duty. In a short time, when the fruits are seen, even the most ignorant peasants will under-

stand, as does the better class now, that 'labor duty,' or in other words, compulsory service, is inevitable.

Such is our idea in regard to the militarization of production. Of course it is not to be thought of as a law enforced by military specialists only.

How can one make the laboring classes see the necessity of this measure? Only the most advanced laboring classes, that is, the industrial proletariat can comprehend it. Think of our army fighting and dying at the front. Who created it, who enforced discipline, the mighty word of a command? It was not organized by military experts, among whom there are many splendid workmen. No! The successful militarization of the Red army is due to laborers and peasants from Petrograd, Moscow, and entire Russia. How did we start the organization of the Red army? It consisted in the beginning of partisan bands, or unorganized detachments of untrained workmen, which we have made over into soldiers. We have gathered them together and told them: 'We are facing great danger and are on the verge of ruin. The task is yours, labor leaders, to inspire the masses to conquer or to die.' This workingmen's elite militarized itself and militarized the peasants by leading them into battle. It is now faced by a similar task of mobilizing and organizing labor for industrial service. We must impress upon all labor leaders that the greatest danger threatening us at the present is on our economic front. The danger is greatest here because it involves all. We differ from French and Belgian laborers. They remain slaves of capitalism, while we are responsible to ourselves for our existence. We have the power and the obligation to discover the slumbering energy which lies hidden in the laboring classes, to bring it to action, to militarize ourselves and

the less educated masses. At the present moment we must enforce exactness and strict responsibility in small things as well as large.

The economic problem is the key-stone of our survival. Every working man or woman and every peasant must be taught this. Three quarters, even nine tenths, of all newspaper articles should refer to economic questions. Every city in the country, whether large or small, must know that the Sormorsky and Kolomensky factories as well as so and so many textile factories, exist; what they produce and how much more they produced in April than in March or February. We should have favorite factories, those in which the pulse of work beats strongest. There must be factories which feel themselves dishonored in the

opinion of Soviet Russia, because their output is relatively smaller than that of other factories. Every new locomotive coming out of the factory must be specially famous, and every worker and peasant girl must know that it is part of his and her property. We must repair locomotives as solicitously as we watch the fluttering pulse of a beloved brother, sister, or wife, who is ill.

And if you, labor leaders of the entire country, will put your whole revolutionary energy and your whole soul into this question of more output, as you entirely gave yourselves up to the army, I do not doubt for a single moment that we will carry Russia into the highroad of prosperity — to the shame of our enemies and the joy of our friends.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle* (Nationalist Foreign Affairs Weekly), April 17]

GERMAN SCIENCE IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT THIBAUDET

THE question of renewing intellectual relations with Germany has been discussed in a semi-official way for several months. Quite a number of learned societies in neutral countries some time ago made overtures to *L'Institut de France* to restore the intercourse which existed before the war between the scientific bodies of the recently belligerent countries. Our societies rejected these proposals as premature; because we were at that time still under the terms of the armistice. Now that peace has been officially concluded these overtures will without doubt be resumed and we

must face the problem more practically and less sentimentally than on that previous occasion. A Congress of Scientists and Scholars from the recently enemy countries is announced for the coming summer, which is to meet in Switzerland and study the problem in a friendly spirit. We must therefore consider reasonably and unemotionally the various aspects of this question.

First of all we must make clear to ourselves that a minimum of intellectual intercourse is quite as unavoidable as a minimum of economic intercourse, and that it will occur re-

gardless of any decision we may make. Commerce between the lately belligerent lands must be resumed. Intellectual intercourse will follow as inevitably as trade itself. More than that, during the war commercial intercourse stopped completely. It was punishable as a crime. But there has never been a complete cessation of intellectual intercourse. To be sure, we prohibited the admission of German books and periodicals into France. But the converse was not true. French books and periodicals were permitted to enter Germany freely *via* the neutral countries. Many Germans consider that this liberality on the part of their government did them harm, and Ludendorff thinks that reading French newspapers contributed to the breakdown of German morale.

However, this source of contact has but little to do with the larger question which we must now consider.

Whatever action we may take will not prevent the culture of either nation from influencing that of the other. In the very midst of the war the theatres of Berlin presented the plays of Molière; and we in France were forced speedily to return to the music of Beethoven, for which that of M. Saint-Saëns proved a very poor substitute. The same is true of literature. We in France never ceased to read Goethe, Kant, or Nietzsche, whose writings became indeed a topic of debate. Our scientific workers in every field were obliged to keep in touch with German science. We never saw a French historian of Greek philosophy refuse to consult his Zeller for patriotic reasons, nor a Thucydides scholar reject the editorial notes of Classen and confine himself to those of Arnold, merely because the former was a German and the latter an Englishman.

As soon as the armistice was signed, our savants and scholars, whether they

had continued their pursuits throughout the war or were just returning from military service, hastened to familiarize themselves with what Germany had been doing in their special field during the period of interrupted intercourse. Indeed, all the time there were men in our Intelligence Service especially detailed for this work. I have been much surprised that we had no Bureau in the Public Health Office for the special purpose of studying German and Austrian publications upon military surgery, sanitation, and other topics of immediate interest for us. Such intellectual intercourse could hardly be criticized by the most ferocious Nationalist.

Now, what is true of physicians, both in times of war and in times of peace, is equally true of other scientists. Every university library in France has already placed orders in Germany for scientific periodicals and publications printed during the war. Our students of philosophy no sooner laid aside their uniforms than they turned their attention to the fact that Wilanowitz Moellendorff had published, while hostilities were in progress, a great work upon Plotinus. No one recommended that the author, having been one of the signers of the famous manifesto of the German scholars, should be punished by refusing to read his book. Quite the contrary. Our people hastened to get possession of it and read it during the nights of the following winter, eager merely to know how the old master of German erudition interpreted the myths of Phedra and the dialectics of Parmenides.

Consequently, intellectual relations in this sense are both necessary and inevitable. They result from the very nature of science. But it is equally certain and unavoidable that French learning will be conscious of a sentiment of repulsion toward the German

mind, and an impulse to dispute the latter's findings, which will be a sort of spontaneous prolongation of the war. Science and learning do not progress through harmony alone, but also through dissent. There has always been an added zest in the pleasure a French savant took in demolishing the thesis of a German savant. He felt a certain pride in placing his wisdom at the service of national enmity. And it was the same on the other side of the Rhine. Intellectual intercourse is not necessarily courteous intercourse. The war has merely emphasized in this respect a situation which has always existed.

Germany has never hesitated to make itself conspicuous by a nationalist bias in its learning, which was both exclusive and aggressive. Any person who has studied the writings of German scholars knows how disposed they are to pass over in silence the contributions of men of a different nationality, not because they are unfamiliar with them, but because they deliberately try to make their readers believe that the only great scholars in that particular field are Germans. The reviews of that country preserve a systematic silence regarding French works dealing with German literature, as if the French were necessarily superficial students of that subject, whose contributions could be disregarded; although impartial students in other countries often rate our French works upon this subject above those of the Germans themselves. French scholars did not imitate this bad example of their German neighbors. They were so generous in the credit they gave the latter that even before the war a group of fervent patriots started an agitation against the Sorbonne, and other of our higher educational institutions, alleging that they were pro-German.

It is probable, therefore, that those

intellectual relations which hitherto have depended more upon individual action than upon collective and public action, will adapt themselves as hitherto to the needs of their particular field and the personal attitude of private scholars. Even during the war, the nature of intellectual labor created a tranquillity of mind, an atmosphere of peace among brain workers of different nations. But equally, before the war, the national prejudices of the scholars of rival countries was a spontaneous cause of reciprocal disputatiousness and distrust. These two contrasting tendencies still continue. They are natural and inevitable.

In addition to these informal relations, which will be to-morrow what they were yesterday, we must plan for the official relations, which we mean particularly in speaking of a resumption of intellectual intercourse. Here it is entirely a question of time and tact. In view of the incalculable, gratuitous injury done by the German army to our science and art, without the excuse of military necessity, and without eliciting a protest from German scientists and artists, the scientists and artists of our own country will be justified, and perhaps in duty bound, to regard coldly, both as private individuals and in official relations, their unfriendly colleagues across the Rhine. On the other hand, in the interest of the sciences which they serve, the learned institutions and organizations of the world must gradually resume their former coöperation. This resumption will be slow and automatic. It will unavoidably be marked by unbecoming cordiality and forgetfulness of injury on the part of some, and by equally unfortunate distrust and enmity on the part of others.

Nationalists and Pacifists are agreed on one point — that we ought to know Germany. There has been established

in the University of Strassburg a chair for the study of Modern Germany, which has been likened to an observation post for watching an enemy. Perhaps this simile will provoke a smile. We shall never learn Germany through the peek-holes of an observation post. We must go to that country to study it. To study it on the spot we must cultivate friendly relations with its people. By all means, both parties must be mollified. But the return to cordial relations should not be too precipitate or undignified. The respect we owe to ourselves and to our dead and to our history forbids.

[*Die Glöcke* (Berlin Jingo-Socialist Weekly),
April 14]

FRENCH CULTURE IN GERMANY

BY DR. CARL HEDICKE

THE modern language controversy in our public schools is an old one. Although the people who would abolish such instruction entirely have been defeated time and again, they continue to argue the matter. The high culture value which a knowledge of languages confers, the influence which it has upon the breadth of mind of the Germans, the aid it gives to national self-interpretation, and the practical advantages of speaking other tongues are arguments in favor of retaining our language courses. Political and commercial motives are both operative. Both trade and reconciliation among nations are thereby fostered.

We have recently been told in the Prussian National Assembly that it will be necessary in the future to promote the study of English in all the schools to a greater extent than previously. This is not a new idea. It had many champions before the war. Our recent experience has multiplied their

number. Yet I oppose this view; for if it is adopted the fate of French instruction in the higher schools is sealed, and a majority of our pupils will be excluded from a knowledge of the French tongue and culture. If we decide from practical experience or bitter necessity that only two foreign languages can be made simultaneously obligatory, French will disappear from the courses in our classical schools, and it will cease to be a required subject in our scientific schools. This will lessen its study in the universities just at the moment when it is beginning to be a truly vital subject, instead of a mere skeleton of dry philology as it has been heretofore.

I confess that this prospect gives me a heavy heart. I know from the happy days of peace the sunny vineyard lands of Burgundy. In the careless days of spring I have wandered through blossoming Provence. Odors of thyme and lavender hovered over the heights by Daudet's mill. With its olive groves and cypresses, the countryside was like a glorious garden, and from its city arose, like miracles of an earlier age, the mighty Palace of the Popes and the Roman theatre and arena. Over the land, and the distant, ever-blue sea, shone the 'great sun of Provence, the merry friend of Mistral.' And Paris? I loved this city, pulsating with the throbbing life of a great nation, the ripe, fine product of an artistic and companionable people, which drew the stranger like an enchantress to her feet. Life there seemed at once so easy and so vigorous. There were assembled the things that were great in the thought and acts of the world. Yes, to be sure, it was the home of the French, our bitterest enemies; but none of them ever harmed me. I received only kind consideration from them — from my pupils in the Lycée Dijon, from light-hearted men of the South, from the

sensitive and self-satisfied Parisians *qui marchant à la tête de l'humanité*, and even from the Mayor of Briey, who in spite of the scarcity enforced by the war, invited me to his home to a peaceful mid-day meal. I cannot even hate the man whose shot, one dark night, crippled both my hands. He was a French soldier doing his duty; and have not all of us who were qualified to judge, admitted that he, the Frenchman, was the only real soldier in the World War? War itself was a decree of destiny; and it is folly to charge any nation alone with the guilt of bringing this tragedy upon Europe. The unjustifiable attitude of the French people toward our war prisoners is a sad fact. But have we not incidents in the most recent history of Germany itself to caution us against too quick and one-sided condemnation of the cruel excesses of excited mobs? If for the moment the bitterness of the ruling plutocracy in defeat, our common financial hardships, and the terror of the bourgeoisie lest they be called to judgment and lest Socialism prevail, all combine to inspire hatred of the French, time with its healing hand will eventually cure all this; or else these passions will culminate again in war. But should not wholesome dread of the last possibility impel us to smooth the way—or to build a way, if one does not already exist—to a true and generous comprehension of our neighbors? I insist that in spite of the rebellion which our hearts may cherish against the monstrous conditions of the Peace Treaty, the youth of Germany none the less should study the French language and literature. I believe that enduring friendship between the two nations is not impossible, if we refuse to yield to the sentiments which French Chauvinists and our own trouble-makers continue to promote. Youthful, inspired France, that to the

surprise of many showed rejuvenated military vigor and a moral renaissance in the war, is a country with which we should seek reconciliation. We must make friends not only with Barbusse and Romain Rolland and their associates, but also with the officers of the army. We must cease to concentrate our vision here in Germany upon the corruption of that country's plutocratic democracy and the falsehoods of its purchasable press. We must not judge a whole nation by a few Paris problem novels and unclean comedies. That attitude is indeed hard to overcome. During the war it caused many a German to shake his head with Philistine pity over 'the suicide of the French nation'—the pity of the Philistine, whose mental range never exceeds that of an educated lackey!

Here the school can perform a service. It can teach us the true France, proud of its ancient civilization and striving toward a better future. It is a country which may be doomed yet to critical struggles with its anarchists, but its youth will not fail in their task of reforming the land's political life. Our schools may also aid us to acquire a sympathetic comprehension of the French national soul, especially if the reading courses are carefully selected to serve this end, and to illustrate the birth and development of the ideals which inspire Modern France. Both ends may be served by studying the writings of men like Descartes, Lafontaine, Rousseau, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Taine, Anatole France, Juarès, Barbusse. Their broad human sympathies will be enough to attract the young men of Germany. In the works of these and the other great writers of France, a true civilization has found expression, and to cut off intercourse with that civilization means untold loss, even though it were a culture on the point of disappearing. Its value for

us Germans is heightened by the form in which it is embodied. The language which is its instrument is characterized by precision, clarity, transparency, and charm; and may well exert a desirable effect upon us Germans, who too often lack these qualities.

Unquestionably, the French mind runs more nearly parallel with that of Germany than does the English. None the less, it requires an effort to comprehend it, so far as it is comprehensible at all by another race. That effort is greatly aided by studying the differences and likenesses between the French people and ourselves. We thus learn to know our own people better. English affords no substitute for this. The war has driven us again to introspection; and a course of instruction which passes beyond a mere knowledge of German literature, so as to include a knowledge of the German soul, must have some such corrective as this study of French genius. No one will dispute that French civilization has had more influence upon that of Germany than English civilization. To know French culture thoroughly is to know the foundations of German culture. The interaction of the two nations upon each other throughout their history makes it desirable for pupils to form their views of the revolution, of Napoleon I, and of the Franco-German war, partly in the French tongue and from French sources.

French is also the better language with which to begin the mastery of foreign languages. It is still a widely used speech in international intercourse, and it opens the portal to all the romance idioms. Even from a practical, business point of view, it is a question whether English should be allowed to monopolize this field. Undoubtedly the latter language is of surpassing practical importance, especially considering the impending probability of

Anglo-Saxon economic, political, and intellectual domination of the world. But we should guard ourselves against that very result. Are our school courses to become allies of Anglo-Saxon domination and shape themselves solely with considerations of material profit in view? English does indeed aspire to become the world language, and we cannot deny that familiarity with it is of practical advantage to many people. On the other hand, it is not difficult for Germans, and especially for men familiar with low German, to master its conversational forms, especially if they already have a basis of French grammar and vocabulary.

Admitting that one important reason for teaching foreign languages in our schools is to acquire a cosmopolitan culture, powerful objections arise toward giving the preference to English. How limited is the number of authors in that language whose works are universally accepted as pillars of modern literature? Except for Shakespeare, who is too difficult for school use, there are Byron, Scott, Dickens, yes, perhaps Cooper and Marryat. Then we have Macaulay, Carlyle, Spencer, and modern writers in history and philosophy. Their one great man among the poets is Byron, who directed the darts of his sarcasm against the middle class morality of his homeland from abroad. But how uninspiring and flat is modern British literature! How repulsive in its cant, its prudery, and its national arrogance! Think of Kipling! Assume that the modern languages in our schools are to serve as the foundation for a more thorough study later of national characteristics and civilization. What do we have but a few mediocre English plays, doubtful art, monotonous lack of originality, and a certain dullness of the soul and poverty in its expression. We do not find cul-

ture in the English tongue, but mere physical civilization, with its two highest achievements comfort and sport. I do not mean by this, of course, that we should fail to recognize the important qualities of the English, and their success. We ought not to omit giving our youth an idea of British practical common sense, and of inspiring them with the British esteem for a sound and well-developed body. But we do not need to devote years to the study of the English tongue and literature for this purpose.

Finally, reconciliation with England, through a give and take on the part of both nations, is highly improbable, because the English have always exhibited incapacity for understanding the psychology of other nations. Their colonial successes do not disprove this. A conviction of national superiority inhibits an Englishman from recognizing the worth of foreign culture, and even makes it difficult for him to master a foreign language.

Another serious danger presents itself in the schoolroom treatment of English poets and thinkers. If the teacher tries to arouse sympathy and enthusiasm for them—and without this his instruction will be barren and profitless—the pupil may easily be misled to adopt the same attitude toward all the ideas of the British nation, especially since he has witnessed their complete success in the recent war. But if the teacher holds a firm rein over his pupils by constant criticism, he either prevents their taking interest in their study, or he encourages in them a sentiment of shallow criticism toward the British. So the result is either nothing or worse. Germans can never accept English philosophy, with its self-centred utilitarianism and its deification of results. We can never endorse the English conception of the state, which Ferdinand La

Salle described as being that of an all-present and all-powerful policeman. Most dangerous of all, however, is the instinct which inspires all the thought and sentiment, both personal and political, of the English nation, and which is already permeating our own people like a poison. It is the mercantile, beast-of-prey instinct, expressed in the thirst for profit, the apotheosis of personal freedom and of capitalist parliamentarism. Only an Englishman could have composed that fearful sentence: 'Poverty is the greatest of evils and the worst of crimes.' Friedrich Engels rightly judged that 'nothing is more foreign to English sentiment than solidarity.' But the sentiment of solidarity is a fundamental prerequisite for Socialism, and the cultivation of solidarity is one of the weightiest tasks of the German public schools.

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press),
May 23]

A PUSSYFOOT LEAGUE

BY HAROLD COX

WHEN the idea of the League of Nations was first mooted in public its authors failed to take account of the essential facts of national sentiment. They assumed, and still continue to assume, that it is possible to persuade independent nations to merge their separate nationality in some great world organization which shall have power to act if it chooses in defiance of their wishes. On these grounds the League of Nations is unlikely to become a real force in the world.

People begin to ask quite frankly whether the League of Nations is anything but a laughing stock. One of the few prominent men who take the opposite view is Lord Robert Cecil, a man whose sincerity everyone respects. He still argues, as many other people

argued two years ago, that the League of Nations is the only alternative to the horrors of war, and that those horrors will continue to increase with every fresh development of man's skill in devising methods for killing other men.

The real point, however, is not whether the horrors of war are going to be even more terrible in the future than in the past, but whether there is any ground whatever for believing that the League of Nations will have power to prevent those horrors. That League has already come into being, and has been holding a meeting in Rome. It has passed several resolutions, among others one proclaiming that treaties between different nations are to be registered by the international secretariat of the League. Suppose Japan and China should make a treaty together, what force will the League have to compel them to register this treaty? Resolutions were also passed in favor of a reduction of military and naval expenditure, but it was admitted that no effect could be given to these resolutions until the Allied Powers had settled accounts with Germany.

Meanwhile, the League is determined to do some definite business, and has — according to the report published in the *Morning Post* — instructed its 'permanent military commission to study measures regarding the military and naval forces of the Republic of San Marino.' If the members of the League had deliberately set out to make themselves a laughing stock they could hardly have passed a resolution more suitable for the purpose. One other piece of business the League did, apparently on the motion of Mr. Balfour. They decided that their officials should be appointed for five years, and they provisionally fixed the salaries. It would be interesting to know in what proportions the different members of the League contribute to these salaries.

That question has more than financial importance, for it raises the whole issue of the constitution of the League. According to the practice of international law as hitherto observed every nation in international conferences is treated as a unit. The Republic of San Marino has one vote, and the Republic of the United States has another. Does any sane individual really contend that the American people would allow themselves to be outvoted by the Republic of San Marino joining forces, say, with the Republic of Nicaragua. As a matter of fact, one of the main causes of the popular hostility to President Wilson in the United States is the almost universal refusal of the people of that country to accept the principle that the various Dominions in the British Empire should each have a separate vote in the League of Nations. The American papers have been publishing cartoons showing John Bull with a tribe of children dominating the League of Nations and trampling Uncle Sam under foot. Reciprocally, looking at the matter from our own point of view, the citizens of the British Empire would not be content to have their policy dictated to them by a league in which every separate state of the North American Republic had a separate vote. Nor is it conceivable that France would refer matters which she regarded as vital to her safety to a league in which she might be outvoted by Norway and Sweden, or by Chile and Peru.

These are the real facts of the international situation, and the advocates of the League are in effect deceiving the public when they gloss over these difficulties. Nor do they really gain anything for their cause by rhetorically asking what alternative there is to their League. If a man is suffering from a grave disease for which he knows no cure, he is not benefited in the least by adopting some fanciful treatment

which at best is useless and may be positively mischievous. It is better to avoid drugs altogether than to take a drug which deludes the mind without even mitigating the disease.

The primary blunder made by the advocates of the League lies in the fact that they have pinned their faith on a particular form of machinery for preventing war instead of devoting their energy to trying to remove the causes of war. So long as nations by their continued expansion press upon the necessarily limited resources of the globe, it is inevitable that they should come from time to time into conflict with one another, and no League of Nations will ever be able to prevent such conflict developing into war unless the League itself is possessed of a sufficiently powerful police force to separate the combatants. Neither Lord Robert Cecil nor any other advocate of the League has yet explained how the League of Nations is to acquire such a police force. It would have to include not only armed soldiers, but also a powerful navy and a powerful air force; it would require barracks, camping grounds, shipyards, naval stations, ordnance factories, and a supply of raw materials. All these things are at present under the control of the different nationalities who divide the world between them, and there is at present not the least sign that any one of these nationalities will surrender the control of any portion of its territory or of its subjects to any League of Nations.

At the present moment the advocates of the League, combining temporarily with the advocates of International Socialism, are much distressed because Poland, in order to ward off the danger of a Bolshevik invasion, has herself invaded Bolshevik territory. Do Lord Robert Cecil and his momentary allies of the Socialist party really

suggest that the Poles ought quietly to have waited unarmed until the League of Nations was sufficiently equipped with military forces to keep the Bolsheviks from invading Polish territory? Lord Robert Cecil appears conveniently to have forgotten that the Bolshevik Government refused to admit the envoys of the League.

The world has long been familiar with the proverbial absurdity of using a steam engine to crush a fly; the advocates of the League of Nations, in effect, propose to use a single fly to crush a hundred steam engines. Their whole scheme is a delusion, popularized by methods which are peculiarly attractive to persons who, because of their idealistic conceptions, claim a quasi-religious superiority to the rank and file of their fellow citizens. Idealists always seem to think it sufficient to formulate an ideal and then to condemn as a cynic everyone who asks how their dreams are to be realized. If we are to build a better order of society, we must begin by being sure that our foundations are made of firm material, and not merely of vague aspirations.

[*Le Temps* (Semi-Official Daily), April 3]
AN INTERESTING PRECEDENT

BY PIERRE MILLE

In spite of the courageous and despairing efforts of many of its citizens, the United States was still bone dry in 1930. Wine, beer, and alcohol had ceased to lave the thirsty lips of men. All the stocks accumulated before the law went into effect had gradually been exhausted.

In spite of predictions the people had not taken kindly to such substitutes for spirits as cocaine and hypodermics. These were not satisfactory substitutes. Most men want to associate their cere-

bral stimulation with the satisfaction of the palate. This is a taste they have inherited from their primeval ancestors. It is unnecessary to cite Noah on this point.

Such a situation had unexpected effects. Hundreds and thousands of Americans, in spite of their firm pacifist convictions, rushed to the recruiting offices to volunteer for military service, subject to the express condition that they be given an opportunity to serve with the Allied forces on the Rhine. The obligations of the Versailles Treaty were still far from being filled by Germany. Moreover, the English had made themselves very comfortable at Cologne. They had discovered that this city, like Danzig, was, after a fashion, a maritime place; and that fair-sized vessels might reach it by the Rhine as easily as they reached London by the Thames. Having demonstrated this to their complete satisfaction, they had conceived a strong sentimental attachment for this ancient city.

Therefore, the recruiting officers of the United States found themselves obliged to reject a formidable number of applicants for enlistment, such as had not flooded their offices since the beginning of the war. In order to check this rush, an announcement was published by the government that no men would be accepted for this service except teetotalers. Furthermore, it was announced that only a few men were needed for the army of occupation on the Rhine. At one time the government had proposed merely to leave the American flag flying there, as physical evidence of the fact that all America stood solidly behind the occupation. But it had been obliged to give up this plan, from considerations of both domestic and foreign policy. However, only a few regiments would be kept abroad. Unhappily, after the recruiting

officers decided to enroll only teetotalers, not a single person volunteered for service. The pendulum swung to the other extreme. Americans were eager to enroll themselves under the starry banner for service on the old continent only subject to the condition that they should be permitted to refresh themselves with something else than tea and ginger ale. If that were not allowed, they preferred to stay at home.

As a result, the few thousand stalwart warriors who garrisoned Coblenz and its vicinity, were famous drinkers, worthy comrades of Bassompierre and the valiant Pouyer-Quertier — not to mention Mr. Bismarck, for that might provoke ill-humor. They did not waste time testing the wines of the Moselle with their delicate bouquet, or those of the Rhine with their heavier body. They started out with schnapps to sharpen their appetite and finished with schnapps to aid their digestion.

Sometimes this stimulated unduly their ingenuous minds. How was it possible to avoid occasional excess, especially on great national holidays, when a dollar would buy more than two hundred marks at current exchange? One of the former coins would purchase six bottles of the best 'forty-rod,' each containing at least twenty glasses. So these intrepid warriors were encouraged to consume for the honor of their country as much spirits as a hundred million of their compatriots at home would have used, if they had not been deprived by their own laws of such enjoyment.

Consequently, a spirit of habitual gayety took possession of their souls. First of all, as was proper and natural, they felt inspired to poetical and musical efforts. They conceived themselves possessed of grand creative imaginations. They were good-hearted lads; their kindness to the people among whom they were stationed was for a

long time beyond measure. How did it happen, then, that some of their number were suddenly excited to violence? It was never discovered. Perhaps it was the quality of the schnapps. Possibly it was rivalry over some fair German girl. Troy is not the only city that was lost on account of a Helen.

The fact is that one evening, Siegfried Stork, at Mülhausen, near Coblenz, was found dead in the streets as a result of a fight with American soldiers. He belonged to the Citizens' Guard, a local police corps, or a Spartacan group. As usually happens in Germany, it was not possible to tell which. But the fact brought out at the inquest without difficulty was that his death was caused by William Thomas Harris, a Connecticut infantryman.

That soldier was promptly arrested and imprisoned. He was very remorseful, but could remember nothing that had occurred. 'They say I did it, but my honest belief is that that d—d Stork committed suicide in order to injure me.' He was remanded for court-martial, and was certain to be sentenced to death unless extenuating circumstances were shown.

The sergeant who conducted him to his cell said: 'You'd better resign yourself to the worst without expecting mercy. In the first place, the judges will want to show the people here that they are absolutely impartial. In the second place, some of them will take the position that inasmuch as drunkenness is a crime in the United States, you cannot plead it as an extenuating circumstance in the Old World.'

'You're right,' answered Harris, 'and yet, poor Stork! I wished him no harm; I never saw him; I don't remember how he looked. It is really too bad they buried him. It seems to me that I'd die more easily if I knew how he looked.' But here the sergeant could give him no information.

When the court-martial was held, Harris neither admitted nor denied anything. He merely insisted that he remembered nothing of what occurred. Then the German witnesses were called. They were very specific. They identified Harris and swore to his acts. His American comrades could remember no more than did the unhappy infantryman.

The officer in charge of the prosecution thought he foresaw that the defense would plead drunkenness in an effort to show that the prisoner was not responsible. He made his argument to that effect. Intoxication was not an extenuating circumstance. It was dishonorable to the United States and contrary to American law. He was very much astonished when Harris's attorney, another officer, who had been a lawyer in Nashville, rose and stated simply:

'It is now 1930. Is there anyone here, either in the honorable jury, or among the spectators present, who can recall that the Treaty of Versailles has been signed by the government of the United States at any time since 1919?'

The seven officers composing the court looked at each other. A confused and contradictory murmur rose from the bystanders. The troops had been stationed on the Rhine so long that no one could recall exactly under what conditions they were there. It was necessary to look up the authorities and precedents. These filled sixty-eight bound volumes of general orders, ordinances, correspondence with Washington, and diplomatic communications. It was necessary to adjourn the trial six months in order to consult these records. In addition, a cable was dispatched to Washington.

At the end of six months that point was settled. No, the Treaty of Versailles had not yet been signed by the Americans. So the Nashville lawyer,

now a veteran officer, opened his pleadings before the court-martial as follows:

'Gentlemen, my remarks will be brief. May it please the Court, it has no jurisdiction in this case, which should never have been submitted to it. Inasmuch as no Treaty of Peace has been signed by the United States, we are not at peace with Germany. Unless we are at peace with that country we are still at war with it. There cannot be a status which is neither war nor peace. Either there is one or the other. Now, inasmuch as we have been unquestionably at war with Germany since 1917, the death of the unfor-

tunate Siegfried Stork cannot be regarded as a crime, inasmuch as he is enrolled in one of the innumerable enemy military organizations. It was an act of war, and William Thomas Harris, my client, must be immediately set at liberty. I demand further, as is just, that he receive his back pay from the date of his arrest, and that his record as a soldier shall suffer no prejudice from this incident.'

The court-martial, after brief deliberation, declared that the defense was valid. As a consequence, William Thomas Harris was released and compensated for what he had suffered through his arbitrary imprisonment.

[*The New Statesman (Liberal Labor Weekly), May 15*]

THE FRENCH STRIKES

THE General Confederation of Labor in France — usually referred to as the 'C.G.T.' — has done what, a few months ago, many people believed British Labor to be on the point of doing — it has invoked 'Direct Action' in support of the policy of nationalization. The issue in the present French strikes, though it has seldom been clearly stated in the press, is simply the issue of 'nationalization.' It is not exactly the same sort of nationalization as the British miners demanded before the Coal Commission; but it is like their demand in being non-bureaucratic, in attempting to reduce parliamentary interference with the working of industry to a minimum, and, last but not least, in being based definitely on the idea of a participation in control by the workers. It differs both from the miners' scheme, in demanding a less measure of control, and from the

Sankey scheme, in eliminating far more thoroughly the possibilities of political interference. It springs, however, clearly from the same sources and responds to the same human demands, as the proposals put forward by our own miners and railwaymen.

Before the war, Syndicalism used to be spoken of in this country, if not with quite the same horror, at any rate with the same disapprobation, as Bolshevism to-day. The French C.G.T., the originators and upholders of Syndicalism, were the most terrible people, and in this country only the firebrands of the extremist left and a few of the younger 'intellectuals' took up with their theories. Now, no one who reads the pronouncements and policy of the C.G.T. can accuse it of undue violence in theory or practice — or at least, no one could have done so until the sudden outbreak of the strikes last week.

From violent anti-militarism which united almost all of them before the war, most of the C.G.T. leaders passed, in 1914, over to the ranks of what Lenin would call the 'social patriots.' From violent industrial theories, which included sabotage as an important element and regarded the strike as a sort of dress rehearsal of insurrection, almost all the C.G.T. leaders passed, under the stress of their war-time responsibilities, into a moderate industrial policy much more akin to that of the British Trade Unions.

It seemed as if the vast increase in the numerical strength of the French Trade Union Movement had driven out of it, or from active control of it, the old 'conscious minority' of *syndicalistes révolutionnaires*. Nay, more: it seemed as if the theoretical and ideological impulse of French labor had spent itself altogether. But no sooner was the war at an end than it became manifest that this was not the case. French Syndicalism was indeed greatly changed; but it was still as intent as ever on making a theory its guide to action. This was seen clearly at the 1919 Congress of the C.G.T., at which two things of the first importance were done. A long order of the day, re-defining the industrial policy of French Trade Unionism on the basis of the control of industry by the organized producers in conjunction with the organized consumers, was carried; and it was decided to set up an Economic Council of Labor, representing not only the unions affiliated to the C.G.T. but also associations of technicians and professionals, associations of local and central government administrations, and the Co-operative Societies. To this Council was remitted the task of preparing a scheme of industrial reorganization in accordance with the C.G.T. programme. The first report, dealing with 'Industrialized Nationalization,'

was presented only a few weeks ago. It forms the essential basis of the present demands of the strikers.

It is difficult to summarize accurately in a small space a detailed report of this character, and we must content ourselves with describing only a few of its outstanding features. To begin with, it adopts a very broad and elastic definition of 'nationalization'—'An enterprise is nationalized when it is no longer exploited in order to make individual profits or to distribute dividends, but is established solely with a view to the needs of the community and has the sole aim of procuring for the consumers the maximum of utility and economy.' Nothing here of state control or administration, nothing of any particular system of management. Clearly there is room for a wide variety of methods within such a definition. The French, however, have their definite view on this point. They want each 'nationalized' enterprise to be administered by a special Administrative Council, representing, in equal proportions, (a) the workers by hand and brain engaged in the industry, (b) consumers, including Co-operative Societies and 'intermediate consumers,' that is, industries which use the products of the industry in question, and (c) the technical and administrative personnel of the central economic organization of the community.

It is interesting to notice that, under this scheme, it is contemplated that industries may be nationalized piecemeal as well as completely, and that 'nationalization' includes municipalization or 'regionalization.' It is, moreover, regarded as applicable to the services at present controlled by the state equally with the others, so that the workers on the state railway and in the post office are vehemently demanding nationalization. In our own post office the workers have often

manifested their hatred of the present bureaucratic system; but they have never put their case quite like that. Yet, in the sense in which their fellows in France are demanding nationalization, it is nationalization that they too demand.

The financial provisions of the French scheme are interesting. The Administrative Council is to enjoy a wide measure of financial autonomy. It is to manage the industry in question under a sort of charter, which is to make provision for the allocation of any surplus. This surplus, it is proposed, should be devoted, first, to the wiping off of the capital (the scheme implies compensation); secondly, to the development of the industry, and to health, safety, and similar services designed to improve the lot of the workers; and thirdly, to a reserve fund, which could be utilized by the Department of National Industry for the purposes of development either of the industry in question, or of some other industry. All forms of 'profit-sharing' or division of the surplus in any way among the workers themselves are condemned on the ground that they would be either too little to provide an incentive, or so great as to cause anti-social motives to prevail in the working of the industry. In order that the object of prohibiting distribution of the surplus may not be thwarted by putting it into wages, the Department of National Industry will exercise a central control over the amount of wages and salaries.

Clearly this Department of National Industry will be a body of very great importance — a sort of economic state to which the economic functions of the political state would be transferred. It is proposed, in somewhat general terms, that it should be composed of representatives from the Administrative Councils of the various

nationalized enterprises, from organizations of producers, from intermediate consumers, and from Coöperative Societies. It would have its own technical and administrative service, and, as we have seen, would be represented, through the service, on the Councils of all the various industries.

No one can help noticing the close resemblance which this scheme bears to industrial theories recently put forward on behalf of labor in other countries. In some respects it is remarkably like the organization of industry under the Soviet régime in Russia; in some, it closely resembles the proposals, especially the most recent proposals, of Guild Socialists in this country. It allows full scope, within a 'socialized' industrial system, for the maintenance and free expression not only of Trade Unions, but of the Coöperative Movement. It fully recognizes the particular functions and importance of technical and professional workers. It aims at binding together into a single body all those who live by useful work of hand or brain. It is animated by an intense dislike of bureaucracy and of intervention in industry by the political state, while it realizes that, in one guise or another, the public must intervene and even assume the responsibility for seeing that industry is conducted in the public interest. There are very many gaps in the scheme, and not a few doubtful features; but it does clearly represent the theoretical arrival of the French Labor Movement at a stage very similar to that which large groups, such as the miners, have reached in this country.

The question that will at once be raised is how far the present French strikes are the product of this theoretical movement and of this rational demand for the application of 'industrialized nationalization' to remedy the admittedly desperate condition of

French industry and transport, and how far they are mere movements of extremists, intent on trouble at all costs, who have forced the hands of the C.G.T. leaders. It would be impossible to state the answer more clearly than by saying that, so far as this point is concerned, the present situation in France is almost exactly what the situation here would have been if the Special Trades Union Congress in March had decided in favor of Direct Action against the advice of the 'right wing' leaders.

There is little doubt that the leaders of the C.G.T. in France were driven into the present struggle against their will, and when they desired time for preparation: there is still less doubt that the force that drove them was the victory of the left wing among the railwaymen. There is no doubt at all that the French Government is being impelled by the reactionary and unrepresentative majority in the French Chamber — whom the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent happily describes as a collection of 'war-time

profiteers and dugout colonels' — into turning the present opportunity into a deliberate war on labor with the object of crushing French Trade Unionism utterly, and, for a long time, irremediably. In this the situation is very like what took place during the first week of our national railway strike last year, when the government, with a similar House of Commons to egg it on, first provoked the strike, and then attempted to use it as an opportunity to crush labor, only to learn that the public would refuse all support to any such malignant idiocy of reaction. Our instinct for moderation, and the rallying of sensible opinion to the railwaymen as the real facts came out, saved the situation.

In France, the present Chamber of Deputies succeeds in being infinitely worse than the House of Commons, the press is far more reactionary than our own press, and reasonable opinion is far more difficult to rally. Thus it is more likely that reaction will have its way, and the struggle be fought to an, in either case, unfortunate finish.

[*Berlin Vossische Zeitung* (Pro-French Liberal Daily), May 13]

PARIS IMPRESSIONS

BY DR. GUGGENHEIMER

I HAVE seldom heard or read so many misstatements and unfair statements regarding any subject as those which are current to-day in Germany regarding the sentiment of the French people toward ourselves. I believe I am a fairly competent witness in this matter, because my knowledge of Paris is by no means confined to the

impressions I received during my recent visit. I am no amateur in intercourse with the French nation, and am able to compare innumerable observations and conclusions from an earlier period with my recent experiences. The latter have been diametrically opposite to what one might expect from the accounts we read in Germany.

Since my return I have been besieged with the most extraordinary questions regarding my reception in Paris. Many of my questioners have been astonished to learn that I was well received everywhere, and had returned from the terrors of that metropolis quite unharmed. All these gentlemen considered the city a perfect hell for any unfortunate German forced to tarry there. Some would ask if I found it safe to appear on the streets without a guard, or to go into a shop or restaurant. Others in some inconceivable manner have just the opposite pre-conception. They would ask: 'Is it not the fact that the friendliness toward Germany in Paris was never greater than to-day, and that we are popular there, and considered by the French as their indisputable saviors?' Neither opinion is right; the truth lies somewhere between. It is just as inaccurate to speak of hostility to the Germans in Paris and among the French people as of enthusiasm for the Germans due to their being regarded as indispensable helpers who will rescue the country from economic ruin.

The reception accorded a German varies in different classes of society and different forms of intercourse. Let me first speak of life upon the streets. I am an excellent authority here, because no one could pass me and doubt for a moment that I am a German. My face bears so many duel marks from my Corps Student days, that every little French street urchin promptly identifies me as a German 'Scar-Face.' So rumors that it is not expedient for a German to go about freely on the Paris streets are certainly untrue. When I first arrived I refrained from speaking German on the Boulevards, in order to avoid grounds for offense, and often-times conversed in French because my companions spoke only that language. But after a few days, I found this pre-

caution unnecessary, and I very frequently heard lively German conversation among parties passing me. No one seemed to pay the slightest attention to this. Persons passing did not turn around to observe who was speaking, much less take offense. So far as I am aware, no one ever made an insulting comment on my language or on the fact that I was a German. The same is true of my reception in the restaurants. Wherever I appeared, even in crowded dining rooms, I was served with the utmost courtesy and attention, just as I was before the war. Indeed, the service was if anything better than during the last few years before the war. My experience was the same at the theatre. To be sure, I occasionally was aware of remarks when I passed down the aisle, to the effect that 'There goes a German,' but nothing more than that. In several cafés, where I was known before the war and recognized again, I was welcomed as pleasantly as ever by all the staff, from the proprietor down to the porter. Waiters tried to recall what dishes or wines I used to like, in order to produce them, or to apologize if they were not to be had. They passed over all references to the war with such remarks as: 'It is some time since we have seen you here, sir.' I also had an opportunity to attend several 'reviews' in the theatres. They contained as many political allusions and witticisms as ever. There were numerous sarcastic attacks upon the public men of France, and upon blunders in French foreign policy; but I never in a single instance heard unkind remarks or allusions to the country's former enemies, or any reference to its relations with Germany. So much for my observations as to the attitude of the general public.

Neither was there an observable difference in the shops. You could enter any store as freely as ever, pur-

chase or not purchase, inquire the prices of goods and leave without buying — although it is a matter of considerable trouble to work out prices in our exchange — without receiving the slightest courtesy. On the contrary, people seem anxious everywhere to offer their best, to apologize for the high prices, and to observe every courtesy in regard to deliveries. Of course, now and then there would be an exception. Business men who have large dealings with military circles plainly do not wish to compromise themselves with German patronage, and make more or less plausible excuses for their disinclination to accept orders from us. But even in these instances I was enabled to observe no marked difference from conditions before the war. The same situation prevailed then.

Now as to another more important question, that of the attitude of the French business world toward Germans. I have an unusually large number of long-standing business connections with France and Paris. My official position before the war as a German consul in France opened many doors to me which would be closed to the average German business man. Although I was in Paris on a different kind of mission, it was naturally a matter of interest for me to ascertain what the effect of the war was upon business relations between the two countries, and how the latter would presumably develop in the future. It is not necessary for me to say that nothing was further from my mind than undignified truckling, so humiliating for a self-respecting business man. That was started by some Germans even before the peace was signed. Seldom has anything afforded me more satisfaction than the blunt, rough, scornful replies which these German solicitors received who appealed to their earlier business

connection and the prospect of peace to curry favor with the French and sell them goods. The latter had some excuse in putting up the posters which are still to be seen in many places, representing on one side an unfairly caricatured barbarous German soldier, and on the other side the same man bowing with unctuous obsequiousness, his hat in his hand, in the guise of a commercial traveler. It is a big mistake to fancy that the doors of every business house will be open to a German without ceremony, if he merely knocks boldly and appeals to earlier connections. I would urgently recommend Germans to adopt a certain attitude of dignity even toward the men who used to be their best friends, and to avoid anything resembling running after business. It is enough to inform your old acquaintances that you happen to be in Paris and would be very happy to resume your former trade connections. I adopted this attitude, and with a single exception, which apparently was due to a misunderstanding, all the gentlemen to whom I made my presence in the city known either called on me or invited me to call on them. The demeanor of my old business friends was not affected in the slightest by the war, although several of them had suffered bitter personal losses on its account. No Frenchman will admit outright that he must have business dealings with us if he is to keep going, even though he may be convinced that such is the case. On the other hand, no attempt is made to camouflage the fact that the two nations as nations must resume commercial intercourse. Every manufacturer will tell you frankly that he cannot afford to buy machinery and supplies in England or America, because the exchange is too heavily against him. He will add, as a rule, that since German exchange is still worse, he

would be glad if prices are half-way reasonable to buy from German makers. He will usually comment here that it would be a great misfortune for France if German exchange were to rise, because, in that case he would not be able to purchase even there. No one of my numerous friends disputed for a moment that the economic coöperation of the two countries was imperative, and that unless we could bring that about, both lands faced ruin.

Once or twice, when I involuntarily expressed my surprise that I had been so hospitably received at the outset, the reply was: 'What would you have? If either of us had been consulted about this war, we may be sure that it would never have occurred.' Another business friend of the old days, paid the highest compliment to the goods which my firm used to deliver before the war, saying: 'We must try to take things up again where we were so unhappily forced to drop them.' I would like to add here that all the gentlemen with whom I spoke would consider it the worst of insults to have their loyalty and devotion to their country doubted; and I am sure that none of their countrymen exceeded them in patriotism. Yet not a single one of these showed the slightest timidity about having it known that he was resuming business relations with his old German correspondents. A few days after my arrival I was invited by a very prominent Frenchman in Paris to breakfast at one of the best and most popular restaurants. This gentleman went out of his way to call the attention of some of his friends, whom he chanced to meet or whom he expected to find in the restaurant as a matter of course, that he was accompanied by myself and by another German gentleman, and took the occasion to introduce us.

I would not consider it necessary to

call attention to these little instances, if they were not typical of the experiences which other Germans of my acquaintance have had in French business circles. We must not of course overlook the fact that these gentlemen have no friendly feeling for Germany; they cherish nothing of that kind. But they have an enlightened conviction that the commercial coöperation of the two countries is necessary and feel it permissible for Frenchmen — except in a few cases where Chauvinism is stronger than business insight — to resume private relations with us sooner than our people have as a rule considered possible.

Let me observe that my observations regarding this readiness to do business with us are not confined to the men at the top. I had an opportunity to talk with former employees of our Paris office, who previously served under me, and with the man formerly in charge of this office, all of whom were very anxious to receive commissions from German firms. They were convinced that German goods must be purchased in large quantities by France, expressing at the same time the hope that this trade would not be checked through Germany's prohibiting the importation of goods of French manufacture.

Coming last of all to the question of the attitude of these gentlemen toward the French occupation of German territory, which occurred right at the time of my visit, let me observe first of all that rarely — indeed almost never — will a Frenchman discuss topics of this kind with his former enemies. But when the matter unavoidably came up in conversation, it was passed over with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, and the comment that unfortunately Germany was not the only country where there was a strong military party.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PERIOD ROOMS

WHILE gleaning the British *Outlook* the other day, my heart leaped up to behold an attack on that peculiarly American folly known as 'period furnishing.' It is indeed quite time that somebody spoke the truth about this devastating superstition which is turning American houses into collections of forced, lifeless, affected, unnatural, and uncomfortable stage settings. Could anything be more ridiculous and pathetic than the sight of a worthy modern family trying to accommodate themselves to an artificial 'period' room which the tyranny of a decorator has thrust upon them? Who can witness, unmoved, their struggles to use the antique chairs; who cannot recall the racked attempts of one's tortured frame to find a moment's ease? And oh, the ghastly, inhuman correctness of it all, that faked, unancestral, rootless, soulless, snobbish perfection possible only to things *parvenus*!

Period furnishing is essentially a vice of new peoples and new folk. It has been my good fortune to be a guest in many houses, both in the older America and in England, and I never knew a house which possessed any genuine family tradition to be tricked out in any such preposterous manner. In fact, the most delightful thing about English interiors is their genuine, human, livable note. The British families have learned to compromise. On the one hand, if they find Uncle Charles's table 'really quite dreadful in these days,' into the 'lumber room' it goes, and on the other hand if the worthy old Victorian sofa

which 'Aunt Alice gave father' has been found comfortable and sound, they never think of hiding it away because it does not conform to the whim of the moment. The sofa has become a kind of family inheritance, and as long as the family tradition continues, it will be assured of an honorable place.

One would hardly set up house-keeping in a wing of a museum of decorative arts furniture section. Yet making a house into a museum is quite as absurd a process as making a museum into a house.

Readers of the magazine, however, may be interested in an English-woman's point of view, for the mania is spreading in Great Britain. The article is signed by Jane Ramsay-Carr.

'Is purely period furnishing an artistic aim from the sanest point of view? I attack this subject with perhaps a touch of personal bias, as I was recently a guest in a Tudor House arranged with such chaste fidelity to the days of good Queen Bess that there was not one comfortable chair in it.

'If one carries the passion for period furnishing to its *reductio ad absurdum*, the householder himself and his friends must constitute the most offensive of anachronisms in the perfectly arranged mansion. Twentieth-century dress; novels of the moment; newspapers and all the paraphernalia of everyday life are strictly inadmissible, while the portraits of eighteenth-century ancestors would have to be banished from a sixteenth or a seventeenth-

century room, together with the photographs of friends of the moment. There is, however, a more subtle danger in wait for the man or woman with the passion for strictly period houses, for, paradoxical as it may sound, it is possible to achieve an atmosphere of ostentation by exclusiveness and reach vulgarity instead of distinction through very severe period furnishing. Nothing that is forced, unnatural, or posed can reach the highest level of art, and any attempt at decoration for a house which is the dwelling-place of modern men and women cannot be completely satisfactory if it refuses to admit anything after one given date.

'This point of view may be elaborated by insistence on the fact that practically every period house in existence has been recently evolved, and is, in a manner of speaking, simply a *tour de force*. That is to say, someone has either bought an old Elizabethan manor, restored it and furnished it with pieces collected from all over the country, or he has "pared down" some mansion which was originally Elizabethan and removed the additions of later centuries, together with the furniture, pictures, and other movable *et ceteras*, so as to bring the whole back to the desired century. This is the usual method for making a period house. All traces of the later centuries—with their good as well as their bad taste—must be relentlessly scrapped, and the result is a fictitious picture of the desired period.

'Very different from the artificially constructed period house is the home of an old family, which has grown up together with the generations who have lived there. It is probably a composite house, with additions dating from different centuries. Its furniture ranges over as many styles as its bricks and mortar. It may even be cosmopolitan, for the families whose

forbears, for example, served in the East India Company, and brought back Oriental china, Eastern silver and gold, own many "outlandish" household gods whose right of domicile in an English house is surely as good as that of Charles II silver, Hepplewhite chairs, or purely home-bred antiquities. They are a part of the slow growth of an old house, and represent the history of the family who owns them in terms of carved wood or worked metal instead of in words.

'Of course, this theory of eclectic furnishing—like that of the period passion—can be reduced to the ridiculous. One might argue that the Victorian horrors are relics of past history, and as such, as sacred as the more lovely heritage of previous generations. One is compelled, therefore, to admit that a compromise between the severity of the collector and the passionate reverence of the ancestor-worshiper for all inherited possessions is the only solution. If one is to achieve the perfect home, it is necessary to correct the errors of taste into which our forefathers fell—but to my mind the severe restrictions imposed by the inveterate lover of a special period are equally stultifying when it is a question of making a home in which to live in comfort surrounded by the objects which will charm and delight one most surely and unalterably.'

The period maniacs are thus landing on the shores of Britain; the next descent, I suppose, will be the arrival of the peddlers of 'polychrome.' Heaven preserve the isles from the vulgarest gimerackery yet evolved by the decorator archaeologist.

H. B. B.

MANY of those who have admired *The Education of Henry Adams* have felt none too certain of the semi-sci-

scientific jargon with which the last chapters of the extraordinary book are obscured. The writer of these lines, himself a person of some scientific training, has long hoped that the Henry Adams theory would be reviewed by a scientific man. One longed to get at the truth of all these formulas of 'pressure,' 'acceleration,' 'Gibbs's phase rule,' and so on. Were they scientific? Were they accurate? Had they a meaning or were they pure jargon? An important point. Such a review has been printed by the London *Athenaeum*, though the *Athenaeum's* reviewer has his knowledge of the Adams theory from *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma* rather than from the *Education*. The scientific reasoning, as readers will note, is roundly scored.

'In the course of his reading he found that some scientific generalization, such as the second law of thermodynamics, has a very wide application. The system-producing part of his mind seized on this, and he began to dream of some vague but impressive universal application. His excitement increased until everything, whether it be in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, existed solely as an example of the second law of thermodynamics. A careful scrutiny of his remarks gives us no reason to suppose that he ever understood this law. That was not, perhaps, necessary for his purposes; it was the "broad outline" he wanted, the vaguer the better. The passage from this emotional state to the actual construction of a system was easy, in virtue of his peculiar attitude toward words. He selected a number of suitable words — suitable because besides their precise scientific meanings they had a number of indefinite, more general meanings — and proceeded to use them in all senses at once.

'We have, for example, such words as energy, intensity, tension, degradation, and so on — purely technical words. But these words, in all sorts of different meanings, are also employed in common speech. Now, various scientific "laws" state that between the scientific meanings of these words certain relations are invariable. This was enough for Henry Adams, and he proceeded to state that between any meanings of these words the same relations are invariable. The effect of this method upon the reader is very curious. He is continually in the state of a man who has a name "on the tip of his tongue." One is always just on the point of attaching a meaning to Henry Adams's remarks, and the meaning always eludes one. This peculiar quality, and at the same time the essentials of Henry Adams's "system," can best be exhibited in the following quotation:

'The processes of History being irreversible, the action of Pressure can be exerted only in one direction, and therefore the variable called Pressure in physics has its equivalent in the Attraction which, in the historical rule of phase, gives to human society its forward movement. Thus in the historical formula, Attraction is equivalent to Pressure, and takes its place.

'In physics, the second important variable is Temperature. Always a certain temperature must coincide with a certain pressure before the critical point of change in phase can be reached. In history, and possibly wherever the movement is one of translation in a medium, the Temperature is a result of acceleration, or its equivalent, and in the Rule of historical phase Acceleration takes its place.

'The third important variable in the physico-chemical phase is Volume, and it reappears in the historical phase unchanged. Under the Rule of Phase, therefore, man's Thought, considered as a single substance passing through a series of historical phases, is assumed to follow the analogy of water, and to pass from one phase to another through a series of critical points which are determined by the three factors Attraction, Acceleration, and Volume, for each change of equilibrium.

'The "scientific" basis of his system consists, it will be seen, in Gibbs's

phase rule and a misapprehension of the kinetic theory of gases. The rest is done by confounding the meanings of words, or even by depriving them of meaning. In science, for instance, the "attractions" Henry Adams read about always varied inversely as the square of the distance. It was interesting to watch how he would bring this in. It appears on page 291:

'Throughout these three hundred years, and especially in the nineteenth century, the acceleration [of thought] suggests at once the old, familiar law of squares. The curve resembles that of the vaporization of water. The resemblance is too close to be disregarded, for nature loves the logarithm, and perpetually recurs to her inverse square.'

'The inverse square of what? Of the distance of thought? Its distance from what? And which logarithm does nature love? The logarithm of 2? And he refers to a "curve." What were his units? What could have been his units?

'After this it is not astonishing to learn that, under the indefatigable influence of the inverse square of nothing in particular, Thought may reach the limit of its possibilities in the year 1921. At this point a question occurs to us: what will happen to comets in 1921? The question may seem irrelevant to one who has not read Henry Adams, but it is suggested by the following passage from the same essay:

'... The nearest analogy would be that of a comet, not so much because it betrays marked phases, as because it resembles Thought in certain respects, since, in the first place, no one knows what it is, which is also true of Thought, and it seems in some cases to be immaterial, passing in a few hours from the cold of space to actual contact with the sun at a temperature

some two thousand times that of incandescent iron, and so back to the cold of space, without apparent harm, while its tail sweeps round an inconceivable circle with almost the speed of thought — certainly the speed of light — and its body may show no nucleus at all. If not a Thought, the comet is a sort of brother of Thought. . . . If such elements are subject to the so-called law of gravitation, no good reason can exist for denying gravitation to the mind.'

'It will be seen that our query is relevant. The passage is, we admit, difficult. It seems to suggest that there are Thoughts, or the tails of Thoughts, which sweep round "inconceivable circles" and "may show no nucleus at all." We are inclined to believe that such Thoughts do, in fact, exist.'

MR. HEATH ROBINSON'S *Fly Papers* (2s. net, Duckworth) are the most outrageously and joyously impossible things in the way of humorous drawings that even he has ever perpetrated. The experiments of pioneer flying men are irreverently burlesqued; and aeroplanes and Zeppelins are shown adapted to war and peace purposes with a wealth of grotesque detail that is amazingly and amusingly ingenious. No nightmares could be more extravagant, and if nightmares were always as absurdly laughable we should all be glad to have them.

THE *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, published in England by Messrs. John Long, is now in its three-hundredth thousand.

THE Phoenix Society has revived Thomas Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West*, and the company at the 'Old Vic' is soon to play *Henry IV*, Part I.

[Petrograd *Viestnik Literatury* (Literary Monthly), November, 1919]

LEONID ANDREYEV: AS SEEN BY A FELLOW RUSSIAN

BY K. I. CHUKOVSKY

HE loved huge things.

You come to visit with him. He speaks only of the things of the sea, about boats, anchors, sails. He is a seaman, a sea-wolf. Even his walk is that of a seaman. He smokes a pipe, instead of a cigarette. He has shaven off his moustache. His shirt is open at the throat. His face is sunburned. Nautical binoculars hang from a nail.

You attempt to speak of other things. He listens to you out of plain courtesy, and then says:

'To-morrow we shall get aboard the Savva, and now . . .'

The Savva is his yacht. He speaks to you of shipwrecks, of submerged rocks and shoals. It is late: four o'clock in the morning. He still talks. His conversation is always in monologues, rhythmical, drawn out.

There was so much in Andreyev that was simple, child-like. Only very talented people, only poets can be so child-like.

You come again to visit him several months later, and Andreyev is already entirely different. Now he is a painter. His hair is long and wavy. He has a small beard of an aesthete, and wears a black velvet coat. His study is transformed into a studio. He is as prolific in his work as Rubens; he does not lay his brushes aside the whole day long. You walk with him from room to room, and he shows you his golden, green-yellow paintings. Here is a scene from 'The Life of Man.' Here

is a portrait of Ivan Belousov. Here is a large Byzantine image, representing, with naïve sacrilege, Judas and Jesus with identical faces and a common wreath.

All night long he walks back and forth in his huge study and speaks of Velasquez, Durere, Vrubel. Carried away by any subject, Andreyev can speak only of that subject and nothing else. All the subjects that interested him before now become hateful. He does not like to be reminded of them. The rôle of a seaman is now forgotten entirely.

His tireless, energetic mind longed for continuous work. It was a constantly revolving mill that demanded new grain to grind. But there was no new grain, no new impressions, and the tremendous millstones of his mind kept on revolving with all their power, but they ground out dust, instead of flour.

Where could he get new impressions? He lived in Finland, which was a strange land to him.

It was really a pity that so great an artist, so impressive, with such keen and eager vision, should have been confined to the four walls of his home, amid the long-persisting snows and howlings of the wind. While his beloved Kipling, and London, and Wells traveled all over the world in search of new impressions, he lived in a desert, without any external material for his creative work. It is all the more

marvelous that the sheer power of his poetic genius should have enabled him to work on even under such conditions.

Andreyev applied himself to writing as he did to everything else, with an intensity that was exhausting. Months would pass by without a stroke of work. Then suddenly, with an incredible speed, he would dictate a large tragedy or a story in the course of several nights. He would walk back and forth, drink strong tea, and declaim whole passages, pronouncing clearly each word. The typist would scarcely be able to follow him, so fast would the words come. The passages would be always instinct with a musical rhythm, which would bear him on like a wave. Without this rhythm, which was almost verse-like, Andreyev never wrote even letters.

Andreyev did not simply write his works; his subjects always seized him as with a flame. Each subject would burn up everything in him. For the time that he would be under its spell, he would be a maniac. No matter how small the subject, he would always invest it with a huge setting, saturate it with figures of grandeur, for in his creative work, just as in his life, his favorite words were, 'huge,' 'monstrous,' 'extraordinary.' Each subject grew in him to a colossal size, became larger than he himself, concealed from his sight the whole universe.

At one time he was passionately fond of colored photography.

It seemed that it was not one man, but a large, constantly operating factory that turned out all those heaps of large and small photographs that were piled up in his study, filled numerous boxes and bags, hung on the walls and the windows, took up all the room on his table. There was not a nook or corner of his estate that he

had not photographed several times. Some of the pictures were extremely successful, especially Spring scenes. It was hard to believe that they were photographs, so much was there in them of elegiac music, worthy of Levitan himself. Every month he made thousands of photographs, as though he were filling a large order.

At another time phonographs were his passion. This became almost a disease with him, and it required several months to cure him of it.

Each thing that attracted his attention and became a subject of interest, carried him away entirely, became a mania that would last for some time and fill his whole being.

Andreyev was attracted by things immense.

The fireplace in his study was as large as a gate, and the study itself was like a market place. His house in the village of Wammels towered high above all the other houses; each beam was enormous, the foundation was a mass of Cycloopian granite piles.

This love for things immense, magnificent, pompous could be seen at every step. The hyperbolic style of his writings was a reflection of the hyperbolic style of his life. The great artist Ryepin once called him Duke Lorenzo.

His house was always full of people: guests, relatives, servants, children. There were always many children, his own, as well as others'. His temperament demanded a full and generous life.

There are men who seem to be made for poverty and limited life opportunities. Try to imagine Dostoevsky in the rôle of rich magnate; nothing could be more unnatural. But Leonid Andreyev was at his best when he appeared like a magnate. His handsome, sharply-chiseled face, his tall, full figure, his aristocratic

step, everything in him harmonized splendidly with the rôle of a magnificent duke that he liked so much to play in life. He was one of those talented, egocentric, ambitious, useful men who always want to occupy the first place, to be the captain of each boat, the bishop of each cathedral. He could not bear second rôles, even playing games. His most natural place would have been to march at the head of some pompous procession, in the glare of torches, to the tolling of the bells.

He always impersonated the characters he created. When he was writing *Anathema*, while working over the character of Leizar, the Jew, he would lapse into the Biblical melody and structure of speech even at tea and in private conversation. He appeared suddenly transformed into a Jew of the Biblical times. When he was writing *Sashka Zhegulov*, his speech reflected the intonation of the Volga population. I remember on one occasion I was particularly struck by his merriment. It appeared that on that day he was finishing the characterization of the Gypsy from *The Seven Who Were Hanged*; until the following morning he was the Gypsy, using the words and the gestures of the character he had just created.

He became Duke Lorenzo when he was writing *The Black Masks*. His impersonation of the seaman came when he was working on *The Ocean*.

This is the reason why there is such a divergence of opinion about Andreyev. Some saw him in his pompous impersonations. Some saw him as Savva, the chief character of his play. Some saw him as the student from *The Days of Our Life*. Some found him as pirate Chorre. And each one thought that what he saw was Leonid Andreyev. They all forgot that they saw before them a great artist, who carried in his

soul hundreds of masks, and yet sincerely, full-heartedly believed that each of the successive masks was his face.

There were many Andreyevs, and yet there was also a real Andreyev.

His favorite subject was death. Andreyev had the great talent of knowing how to fear death. It is not easy to do this. Many try to fear death in vain. Andreyev had the rare faculty of really experiencing the mortal horror of despair. This horror can be sensed and felt in all of his books. And I think that his passion for colored photography, or for phonographs, or for painting represented merely an attempt to save himself from the nauseating attacks of mortal despair.

In the fearful years that followed the revolution of 1905, during the epidemic of suicides, Andreyev, independently of his own will, became, as it were, the leader and the apostle of these men and women who hastened to forsake life. They felt that he was the one who could understand them. I remember that he once showed me a whole collection of letters from men and women who had committed suicide. It must have become a tradition with those who contemplated suicide to write a letter to Leonid Andreyev before settling their last score with life.

At times all this seemed very strange. When you would watch him walk through his estate with the confident step of a master, followed by his magnificent dog Tukha, or see him pose before the camera of some photographer, you could scarcely believe that this man could carry in his soul the tragic feeling of eternity, of non-existence, of chaos, of universal emptiness. But the spirit breathes wherever it chooses to aspire, and Andreyev's whole life was full of this

feeling of the spacious emptiness of the universe. It was this feeling that invested his writings with that peculiar philosophical coloring, for it is impossible to think constantly of universal emptiness and of eternity and not become a metaphysician.

This was the most characteristic peculiarity of his creative work. Badly or well, his works always touched upon the eternal, the metaphysical, the transcendental themes. Other subjects did not interest him. The group in which he found himself at the beginning of his career as a writer, men like Gorky, Chirikov, Skitaletz, Kuprin, were strangers to Andreyev in their inner spiritual content. They were interested in life as it is, they described life. Their minds turned to life, not to being. He was the only one among them who thought of the eternal, the truly tragic. He was a tragic by his very nature, and his ecstatic, effective, almost theatrical talent, which always tended to a pompous style and to immense, exaggerated forms, was best adapted for metaphysically tragic subjects.

As for his creative methods, very little is known about them even by his friends. He always wrote at night. I do not remember a single one of his works that was written during the day-time. After finishing a story or a play and seeing it in print, he would become strangely indifferent to it; he would cease even thinking about it. He could give himself over completely only to the work which was not done as yet. When he worked on a play or a story he could speak only about that piece of writing; it always seemed to him that his new work was going to be the greatest yet produced by him. He guarded it jealously against comparisons with his previous work. He was offended if you were to tell him that

you liked something he had written ten years back.

He could not change and polish up the things that he had written; he had much less taste than talent. His works were extemporaneous improvisations by their very nature. When he was under the spell of a subject, every detail of his life was drawn into the circle of that subject. Once he came to a Finnish town at night and engaged a cab at the station. When he came to his destination, he gave the driver a ruble. The Finn thought that was not enough and repeated several times with stubborn laconism, 'You should not give me a ruble.'

Andreyev gave him a half-ruble more. And several days later there appeared in *The Seven Who Were Hanged* the bleary-eyed Janson, repeating stubbornly to his judges, 'You should not hang me! You should not hang me!'

The insignificant incident with the cab driver was transformed into the central, the most effective place of the theatrically-pathetic story. This ability of lending unexpected artistic value to incidents that seemed small and trite was always one of Andreyev's strong characteristics.

Once he chanced upon a number of the *Odesskiy Novosti*, in which the famous aviator Outochkin, in describing his flight, said: 'Our prison is marvelously beautiful at sunset.'

This admiration for 'our prison' caught Andreyev's fancy. Several days later he was already working on his famous story, *My Notes*, in which a man becomes enamored of his prison. He concluded his story with the same words: 'Our prison is marvelously beautiful at sunset.'

But in his setting these words assumed an unexpectedly grandiose, metaphysical significance.

[*Coterie*]
AFTER LIEH TZU

BY R. C. TREVELYAN

ONE day Confucius the sage,
With his favorite disciples, Yu,
Tzen San, Yen Hui, and Tuan Mu,
Set forth upon a pilgrimage
To climb the sacred mount Tai Shan.
The sun was hot, the path was steep.
By zigs and zags from slope to slope
Slowly and wearily they creep,
Until, not far beneath the top,
They met with a solitary old man,
Rambling through the wilderness
Clad only in a deer-skin dress,
And girdled with a plain grass rope,
Plucking a lute as he strolled along,
And singing to himself a blithe and care'less song
Confucius, wondering much, and glad to find
Excuse to pause and rest awhile,
Bowed twice and thus spoke courteously:
'Most venerable sir, I pray you, be so kind
As to explain to us for what cause
You seem so happy.' With a smile
The old man answered: 'Have I not
Causes enough for happiness?
Man, of all living things by Heaven created,
Is noblest. Now it has fallen to my lot
To have been born a man, and not a snail,
A crocodile, a fish, or a baboon.
Moreover, the more nobly rated
Of the two sexes is the male:
And I, who might have been
A washerwoman, or at best a queen,
Was born a male, and a philosopher.
That is my second ground for bliss.
My third is this, most honored sir:
Many there are who pass the gates of birth,
Yet ne'er behold the light of sun or moon,
But perish in their swaddling clothes; while I
For ninety years already have walked the earth.
What though I be but poor, and must die soon.
Poverty is the sage's lot, my friend;
And death for all men is the appointed end.'

Have I not reason then for my felicity?'
Away slowly the old man wandered,
Twanging his lute, and singing still
His happy song. Awhile Confucius pondered,
Then turned to his friends and said: 'How admirable
Is he who for life's miseries can find
Wise consolation thus in his own mind!'

THE UNITED STATES

[*The New Witness*]

I. *An Appreciation*

BY RAYMOND RADCLYFFE

I do not think that the people of Great Britain realize the help we obtained from the United States in our fight against Prussianism. From the date of the declaration of war she helped us by sending goods that we sorely needed, by lending us money to pay for those goods, and in the end by shipping nearly two and a half million men across the seas ready and willing to fight for the Allies.

Suppose that this help had been withheld, and if the United States had been strictly neutral she might have made many excuses. We should have gone short of food, ammunition, aeroplanes, and tanks. We might even have starved. Take a much more terrible alternative. What if the United States had entered the war as an ally of Germany? Could we have won?

This was by no means an impossible thing. All the Middle West was more or less of German origin. Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, and Minneapolis were crowded with Germans. In many small towns no English was spoken. The voting power of the German was

considerable. Certainly he controlled the Middle West.

Again, consider the Irish influence. We have treated Ireland scandalously. We promised her Home Rule and made the war an excuse for breaking our word. That was hardly likely to make England popular among the Irish-Americans. Do not forget that the Irish with their remarkable aptitude for politics have obtained a control far in excess of their numerical strength.

In August, 1914, we had in sullen opposition to us two American groups — the German and the Irish. It wanted but the touch of a finger to rouse these two groups from a sulky indifference to active animosity.

We all know what happened. The German and the Irishman were snowed under when the Hun sank the Lusitania. The whole of the United States was roused, and in the end Wilson went into war with the nation at his back.

What a narrow escape! We might almost say that the man who fired that torpedo saved Europe.

But that, as we all know, would not be true. At the back of the hostile German mind, beneath the savage rhetoric of the Celt, was something which most of us knew, but few spoke about.

The Americans are our cousins. They speak the same language, they have the same literature. They think as we do. Their ideals are the same. Therefore it needed but one touch to bring the two nations together. That was given by the U-boat Commander.

The war is over; the Allies have won. To-day we get the reaction. It is not very agreeable. The American newspapers, especially the Hearst group, are intent upon their usual stunt—‘twisting the lion’s tail.’ It is a perennial form of amusement and most fashionable at a Presidential election. It should not excite us too much. Indeed, I urge that we entirely disregard it. Not because it means nothing; it has a definite meaning in the world of politics; but because it never touches the real heart of the American Nation. The Yankees like to think that they once thrashed us. The yellow press likes to rub it in. But there is no animosity between the two races. Nothing at heart but the most profound good will. I wish the English newspapers would refuse to take any notice of the childish insults of the yellow press. Believe me, the press in the United States has little power. We in England cannot understand this any more than we can understand the entire lack of interest shown by the average American in politics. Everyone in Great Britain has an opinion one way or the other about Lloyd George, Asquith, Balfour, and the rest. Not one man in a thousand in the United States cares a jot whether Republican or Democrat is in power. Wilson made a small splash, but his collapse at the Peace Conference washed him right off the slate. The next President will probably be a man no one has ever heard of. Therefore, in the United States neither the press nor the politician count. But what does count all the time and each time

is the ideal of the two nations—freedom.

Remember that the United States has over a hundred millions of inhabitants, that nine tenths of these went across the sea to secure freedom—and got it.

Say what you will, and captious critics do say a good deal, the United States can claim a bolder and freer outlook on life than any other land in the world. An emigrant is not up against class prejudice as he is in Great Britain, or the bureaucracy as he is in France, or militarism as he is in Germany. He is as free as the air both mentally and physically. It is true that at the moment he cannot drink anything stronger than two per cent beer, a deplorable beverage. But he knows that this is only a passing phase. It is true that in Kansas City a lady may not powder her nose. But these little things cut no ice with the average citizen in the United States. He is out to work, and work hard. We in England do not like work at the moment. We do not work so hard as we did twenty-five years ago. The American works harder. Why? Because he knows that if he works and saves—the two must go together—he can be anything he wishes—president or policeman, mayor or millionaire. That is the feeling that everybody has in the United States from the day he enters the country to the day of his death.

One reads a great deal of rubbish about the power of the capitalists in the United States, and it goes down very well in the newspapers, but as a matter of fact everyone in the United States wants to become a capitalist, and much as these gentlemen are abused they have no real power such as they have in England. Here we settle down in a town and only a violent exertion of will-power can extir-

cate us. In the United States a man may try twenty different towns and twenty different states before he finds one that suits him. Here we have practically no choice of climate (or lack of climate). On the other side you can get the bitter cold of North Dakota or the almost tropical heat of Florida. You can be blown to pieces on the prairies or lie snug in a cleft of the hills looking over the Pacific. You can spin cotton in Connecticut or grow it in Georgia. You have a world to yourself, and one of the most beautiful worlds that has ever been discovered. You are not crowded, there is plenty of room for everybody. You can rough it anywhere, but if you want luxury Fifth Avenue has more wealth than any other street in the world, not even excepting Bond Street.

That is why people go to the United States, and why they stop there. They get freedom. It is no mere catch-penny phrase, it is the basic fact of life.

Now you will ask why all these truisms? We know as well as you do what a splendid place the United States is. We have been reading about the freedom of America ever since the days of Washington. Tell us something new.

Now my object in writing this is to try and bring the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States closer together. I want Englishmen to understand that Americans made immense sacrifices for us in the war. I want Americans to understand that we are deeply grateful.

Above all I want the two nations to combine. I want more than this. I want Canada, Australia, and New Zealand to enter into one great Anglo-Saxon confederation. There are now almost as many Americans in Canada as there are Britishers. The two na-

tions should be one. At the moment this looks unlikely, because the Canadians are prohibiting certain exports into the United States. But the time must come when the whole of North America will be under one flag. New Zealand has taken Samoa and the Cook Islands. Australia has New Guinea. The whole of the Pacific should be under the same flag.

The day is approaching when the irrepressible Japanese will surely ask for equal rights in New Zealand, Australia, and on the Pacific Coast. They have long postponed this question. Now we know only too well that neither the Canadians in Vancouver, nor the Americans in California, nor the Australians, nor the New Zealanders, will have any truck with the Yellow Race. I am sorry for this. I think that we are quite wrong, but facts are facts, and we must face them. It seems to me that the only way out of the difficulty is to make a great Anglo-Saxon confederation with the same laws, the same language, the same literature, and the same currency.

At the present time, thanks to a lack of foresight on the part of those who drafted the Constitution of the United States, its laws are in a chaotic condition. What you do in one state is illegal in the other, and a judge in New York some little time back declared that if he sat up all night and worked all day for a month he could not hope to read, much less digest, the laws passed by the Legislature at Albany, the capital of New York State. The average American does not bother about state laws. But they are rapidly becoming an infernal nuisance. New Zealand has some ridiculous laws, and the Labor Legislation of Australia is on the verge of being preposterous. No one, I presume, attempts to defend the anomalies of English and Scottish law.

If all the English-speaking races combined together they could influence the world. Japan would at once see that it would be impossible for her to insist upon an alteration in the immigration laws of America and Canada. Japanese statesmen are sensible, long-headed men; they would never attempt the impossible, and they would never dream of fighting an Anglo-Saxon confederation. But if Socialism continues to grow in Japan it is quite on the cards that Japan may be forced into war with the United States, a war which would compel us to surrender our alliance and help our cousins. We do not want any more wars.

Do not think that my suggestion is an idle dream. It is nothing of the kind. It will be forced upon us sooner or later. The United States is not at the present time one of our active competitors in trade. She has had such a huge territory to exploit that she has had very little leisure for export business. But every year she becomes more and more desirous of doing an export business, and sooner or later she will be fighting us in every market in the world. If we had an Anglo-Saxon confederation we should have a customs tariff which would do away with all competition between the members of the confederation, and such customs arrangement would end once for all any chance of war between the United States and ourselves. Such war seems unthinkable, but we all know that trade competition is the one great danger to peace. The nations that would benefit the most by the confederation would be undeveloped countries like Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The nation that would benefit the least would be Great Britain, for at the moment she rules the world, but she cannot continue to rule it, and the sooner we realize this the better.

[*The New Witness*]
II. *The Real America*

BY X. Y. Z.

IN a recent issue, Mr. Radelyffe puts forward a proposition for the confederation of Great Britain, the British Colonies, and the United States under one flag. I don't discuss the merit of this proposition. It might be a good thing for the world. But I know that if such a plan were put before the American people it would get the biggest negative vote ever polled in the U.S.A. It would be 'snowed under,' as they say out there. And any politician crazy enough to father such a plan in America would be killed morally. He might even be killed physically.

Mr. Radelyffe bases his proposition on the assumption that America is an Anglo-Saxon country. Recent and most competent writers on the settlement of America, such as Professor Farrand, of Yale, decide that it was never that. Anyhow, it is not to-day. Mr. Radelyffe talks as if the population of the United States was in greatest part an all but unadulterated breed drawn from the British Isles, like you get in Australia and New Zealand. But it is an incredibly mixed race. It is a new race. There is no other race like it. There is more difference between an Illinois farmer and a Suffolk farmer, than there is between a Suffolk farmer and a Scandinavian farmer. The thought is different from the English; the speech is different. There are columns printed in some of the papers that an Englishman would have to guess the meaning of.

I was rather amused the other day by an American woman. She held out an English paper and pointed to an advertisement headed, 'To Americans and Foreigners.' 'When will the Eng-

lish quit treating us as an inferior sort of Britishers?' she asked indignantly. She has neither Irish nor German blood.

But it would n't much matter if she had. I only mention this because Mr. Radclyffe goes on the theory that America is overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon, except for the patches of German and Irish. But some Irish, and a large number of Germans, have been there pretty near as long as the others. Mr. Flood, the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the House of Representatives, is of Irish descent, but you would never guess it unless you were told. He generally tells you himself.

The later immigration of the Irish in large numbers was during the famine years of the eighteen-forties, and the Germans emigrated in large numbers after 1848. But we are not dealing with those immigrants to-day. We are dealing with their grandchildren, or great-grandchildren. Many of the Americans with Irish names have only a sentimental feeling for Ireland; they really know nothing about it. But they can be trusted to take the Irish side of a question in everything but an American question. The same with the Germans. The majority of youths with German names in the American army in France felt no special objection to fight the Germans. All their education, attachments, and point of view were American.

And Mr. Radclyffe, who sees only the Anglo-Saxons, the Irish, and the Germans, overlooks the later emigration from all over Europe. The Italians, for instance — can anyone who has visited the U.S.A. lately say that the Italians have n't made an impression on America? And the Swedes, and the Greeks, and the Poles, and the Finns? And also the Jews? Ah, Anglo-Saxondom! The second generation of

all these people have American traits in common, and they marry among each other. Names are absolutely no indication. It is well known that the justices in the Naturalization Courts choose a name for a man if they think his name is n't American enough. Sometimes the man changes his name himself. Other times it is altered by the American way of pronouncing it.

It is curious that the English are the only people that stick to the notion that America is an Anglo-Saxon country. The French, whose vision is not confused by fallacious theories of 'cousinship,' make no such blunder. The American Expeditionary Force which was sent to France was the most representative collection of Americans of all sorts and classes ever got together. Not for a moment did the French mix the American and the Englishman, any more than they did the Englishman and the Hindoo. It was a constant remark during the war among the French that notwithstanding the same basis of language you never saw a British Tommy and an American soldier going about together. The 'cousinship' plea might as well be left out of the international vocabulary; it gets no response in America, except at official banquets to Englishmen.

Perhaps seventy or eighty years ago Mr. Radclyffe's theory might have sounded more plausible than it does to-day. But even then Margaret Fuller and Horace Greeley and others were talking of the new race which had grown up in America by the mixture of races, and they spoke of the English as foreigners. It should be remembered that the great bulk of the English who emigrated to America left England because for one reason or other, religious, political, or economical, they were unable to get a living in England; and they carried with them a grudge. Some of the English-Americans, who during

the Know-Nothing riots, sneered at the Irish-Americans for being driven on board the emigrant ship at the point of the bayonet, were themselves descended from men who had been driven from England by a judge and jury at the Old Bailey, and sent as bond-servants to the 'plantations.' When, therefore, 'the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world,' they did it with zest. Their names might be English, but their hearts were not.

Mr. Radclyffe makes the astonishing statement that not one man in a thousand in America cares a jot whether Republican or Democrat is in power. I should have said that the interest in politics was general. A traveling Englishman may not see it, because the American, as a rule, unbosoms himself sooner to any foreigner than to an Englishman. But look at the size of the vote cast at the Presidential elections! It will be bigger than ever this year, for in most of the States women have the right to vote, and they are taking their duties ardently. Already the woman political 'boss' is developing, with many of the traits, even physical, of the male 'boss.' Years ago there was abstention among conservative citizens from State and Municipal politics, but that is no longer the case. Those who can persuade the public to give them office take the office, whatever class they belong to. Those who stay out of politics do so because they want to attend to their private business or because they are temperamentally unfitted for the rough and tumble.

The Mitchel Government of New York was made up in good part of gentlemen; it was n't much more successful than the others, and it was overwhelmingly defeated when it sought re-election. If Mr. Radclyffe believes that politics in the U.S.A. is disdainfully left to the newly-arrived Irish and Ger-

mans, he should go back there and take a better look round. The fact is that Americans of all sorts have seen such power in the government of late years to interfere with their private lives, that they are bound in self-preservation to take an interest in politics.

'The next President will probably be a man nobody has ever heard of,' says Mr. Radclyffe. I suppose he means in England. On the Republican side the man of the hour is Senator Johnson, of California, who is sweeping the primaries on his violently Anti-League of Nations platform. In other words: 'To hell with the foreigner.' He is not an unknown man by any means. Failing him, the Republicans have General Leonard Wood, and Hoover, who fed Europe. (Most of the Hoovers, by the by, had originally the excellent Saxon if not *Anglo-Saxon*, name of Huber.) Among the Democrats you get Wilson himself, his son-in-law, McAdoo, and Palmer, called the 'persecutor,' who is at present Attorney-General. There is, besides, Bryan.

I should say that none of these men are of pure English stock.

A French-American who wrote a book which had some vogue in the mid-eighteenth century, the time of Rousseau and the Encyclopædists, relates that he encountered in America a man whose father was the son of an Englishman and an Irish woman, and whose mother was the daughter of a German and a Dutch woman. 'And there,' he added, as with demonstrative wave of the hand, 'you have the American.'

In America the race jealousies have had economic reasons. The reason of the incredible insolence with which the English-Americans treated the Irish in the middle-nineteenth century — apart from the question of religion, and the English propaganda which tended to put a stigma on the Irish in all lands — was that the Irish immigrants, who had

been used to starvation in their own country, when they reached America undertook to work cheaper than the laboring classes already there. After some decades, English-Americans and Irish-Americans combined against the Italians for the same reason. Now, there is a proletariat in America, and wage-jealousy has given way to a struggle against capital.

My own notion is that the Irish influence, *quâd* Irish, is well-nigh dead in America, partly because large numbers of those of Irish race have been merged, and, as I have said, have no first-hand knowledge of Ireland, and partly because the labor antagonism which bound them together no longer exists on a basis of race. Prejudice against Catholicism, too, is nothing like so bitter as it was, or, at any rate, is no longer aggressive. The protests which come to England from time to time from America about Ireland are by no means only the work of those of Irish race. In the debating societies of small towns, east and west, it has been customary for years to pass resolutions in favor of Ireland.

America seems to be praised and blamed for the wrong things. Mr. Radclyffe says it is not safe to speak to a New York policeman. Here, again, he seems to be back in the eighteen-seventies. I have seen many cities; taken on the whole, the New York police force, as it has been during the last ten years, seems to me one of the best, if not the best, in the world. I am speaking of the uniformed men, the men you see in the streets. They have to take terrible risks, and they do not shirk them. One of them, on duty in a 'tough' district, told me that when he went on at night he never felt sure he would be alive in the morning. Standing under a scalding sun in the bewildering Fifth Avenue or Broadway traffic, bombarded with silly questions, reaching

after pedestrians who seem determined to commit suicide, the New York 'cop' has generally a cheerful and ready answer.

They do a lot of work which is not considered policemen's work in other countries. When a police scandal crops up in a European city the newspapers may give it a few lines; it falls into the hands of officials, and is heard of no more. In America there is a regular newspaper campaign with big headlines; district-attorneys are out to get renown, knowing the value of seeking election as 'Slick, the fearless district-attorney, who showed up the scandal in the nineteenth precinct.' A vast number of people in America are after the other fellow's job. No doubt in Europe, too; but in Europe they are not so barefaced about it.

There is another big thing. There is less official reward in the United States for services rendered, or renown brought to the country by works, than in any other great nation. On this subject the U.S.A. is still in its early provincial days. Take the celebrated Admiral Mahan. In France such a man would have had streets and avenues named after him. In England, where public service is best rewarded, he would have been covered with honors. In America I don't think he has even a statue anywhere.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

PASSPORT ADVENTURES: A TRAVELER'S ESSAY

BY F. P.

I REMEMBER reading somewhere that Gissing treasured to the end of his days the empty case of his Cook's ticket to the Aegean. It symbolized to him the one escape his spirit ever made from task-work realism to the sunny freedom of classical lands, his natural

home. The emotion with which I cherish my Italian passport is not of the same exalted kind; it is more human maybe, more an affair of annoyances recollected in tranquillity (to parody the famous definition in poetry). The wounds made on irritable nerves by every one of those twenty-five endorsements, *rises*, and stampings have had time to heal, though at the time (especially when, as happened twice, I was dragged out of the train in the dead of night to spend an hour in a queue) I felt the official's punch as a blow. The over-scored passport has mellowed already into a sort of international joke — not a good one. Still it serves as a talisman to revive the fading colors of memory, though in this respect the magic does not work so potently as when I pass my fingers over the roughish surface of that bit of Samian ware I picked up one April morning in the Amphitheatre at Fiesole.

This wide, pink sheet on which the officials of four nations have scribbled their worst can be taken as a sign of what the war has done for us poor innocent followers of the Italian gleam. It tells me in four languages that, sixteen months after the fighting ended peace still reigns in full severity. Every frontier that one used to slip over without knowing it almost — the worst infliction was when you reached that strip of German Alsace, and brawny fellows in spiked helmets rushed in and raked under the seats with iron prongs — now bristles high with military formalities. Everywhere in your path are sheds and offices crammed with earnest and useless bureaucrats who scribble on your passport, for a consideration. During the hour of waiting for my turn once I thought of Sterne, who, if we are to believe his *Sentimental Journey*, strolled into France at a time when France and England were at war with-

out any passport at all. Sterne, you remember, put things right with the Lieutenant of Police by a graceful witticism about Shakespeare. I amused myself with fancying how Sterne's tactics would have worked with a grim young man at St. Louis, where the French now hold inquisition on the edge of their large borders. I saw what did happen to a wretched little Swiss who said, with every appearance of truth, that he had lost his passport. As he had no money to go back with, I imagine that he is still dwelling in some public institution at St. Louis.

I have to say in honesty that I suffered most from the merciless efficiency and the sound commercial instinct of the Swiss. At least four times, reckoning coming and going, did some grave Swiss soldier or policeman copy out the details of my passport on to a form. There is a Rhadamanthine curtness about Swiss methods which frightens the timid traveler, and I must add that the Swiss have perfected the passport system as a means of revenue. The Swiss have no intention of allowing their country to be used as a highway for nothing. Drastic penalties threaten you if you omit to report yourself to the police within twenty-four hours of landing on Swiss territory. Stay more than five days, and you give the police five francs (five good shillings nowadays — none of your lira) for the privilege, and you pay rather more for the privilege of going away again. Well, the Swiss are welcome to the two or three pounds I paid them first and last. Those days by Lugano Lake, while I watched San Salvatore lose its snowcap and flush green down to the water's edge, were worth the money, even in terms of the Swiss exchange.

I have spoken crossly about the French at St. Louis, but I must hasten to pay a tribute to the uncommercial spirit of their Foreign Consulates,

which befits a nation with the tradition of *la politesse*. At Genoa, for instance, fresh from an office where the *visé* was dourly sold like a pound of soap across a counter, what a delight to exchange compliments with a sympathetic Frenchman who, when asked what there was to pay, said with pained surprise, 'But nothing, unless Monsieur wishes to help our sufferers from the war,' and he waved his hand toward a box labeled 'Pour les Soldats.' Into that box I gladly put more than had been wrung from me by Swiss efficiency. The splendid white arc of Genoa lay shining below the windows along the blue sea, and I had not the heart to tell him what I felt, how bitterly I regretted having to turn my face back toward his country at all.

I wanted to stay in Italy, where the wheels of the passport system work slowest of all, so many are the bureaucrats who get in one another's way pushing them round; but I would not grumble against the Italians if they had worried me a thousand times more than they did. Even in prison I might have still looked at their Italian sky; perhaps watched a cypress towering in the blue. And there is this to be said for the passport inquisition: it is democratic and treats all alike. The profiteer must descend from his sleeping car in the dead waste and middle of the night just as the humble Italian returning to his mountain village with a pocket full of American dollars must come down from the wooden benches of his third. The attitude of the English in these international crushes was always that of humorous resignation, touched with contempt for the whole business, but the Latins took it all in the same unquestioning spirit as did the inquisitors themselves, and with the same touching belief in the importance of writing things on bits of paper.

Waiting to have my passport copied for the dozenth time, I thought of Mark Twain's account of German railway stations. If he saw an official looking depressed he would give him his ticket to punch, whereupon the official cheered up at once. Give a Swiss, French, or Italian official your passport to copy and he is content. Whether it matters, what it is for anyway, does not trouble him. My companion had another comparison for the desperate industry of the scribblers. She compared them to Bill the Lizard in *Alice in Wonderland*. Bill was the perfect bureaucrat. When Alice took his pencil away because it squeaked 'she did it so quickly that the poor little juror could not make out what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.'

Whatever you do, don't ask for reasons. It only makes the wheels turn still more slowly, and inflicts pain on honest underlings. I think it was at Como when, worn out by a pilgrimage round three different offices,—to a shop for a form, to the registry for a stamp, to the police station for the stamp to be stuck on and written over,—I caused a bigger stir even than Oliver Twist by asking what was the good of it all. I had been excited by the tale of a Frenchwoman with a crying child who paced the corridor and told anyone who would listen how she was stranded there with no money because they insisted on her going back to Milan to get some useless stamp. The worried policeman, asked what it was all for, dropped my passport on the floor in sheer surprise. As he picked it up he recovered himself, and said without a smile—

'Patience, sir, it is the Peace.'

[*The National Review*

A NOVELIST OF GUSTO: BEING SOME GOSSIP ON SMOLLETT

BY H. C. BIRON

FASHION is never more capricious than when it turns its attention to literature—authors come and go in favor. There seems to be only one fixed rule—the real thing always survives. An eclipse may be; but even a complete eclipse does not last long. Time is the only infallible critic. For some years Smollett has been in the shade, why, it is a little difficult to understand; certainly he is an easy target for the fastidious critic. The faults are all on the surface. His heroes rely on faith rather than works for their acceptance. Whether Peregrine Pickle or Roderick Random be the greater rascal would be a near-run thing.

Upon the physical charms of his heroines he dwells with an almost embarrassing particularity, and, indeed, with regard to both maintains the intimate domesticity of Mrs. Aphra Behn. His coarseness is certainly repellent, but at a time when all the early Georgian geniuses insist on this note at some point of their masterpieces it ought not to be an insuperable bar. One reads a gentle, almost lady-like analysis of life for two or three hundred blameless pages to be brought up suddenly by a gross incident or phrase, introduced with something of the aggressive air with which a curate smokes a pipe.

There is nothing of this about Smollett. His grossness, generally more indecent than immoral, is a sort

of careless habit of expression rather like the profanity of barges, to which the author probably attached very little importance one way or the other. It is a question of manners more than morals—of treatment rather than subject—even if it be admitted that the manners are not particularly refined and the treatment rather heavy in hand.

Fielding is very fond of the incident of a grotesque fight. His books are full of them. Molly Segrim's battle in the churchyard is classic, but Fielding always treats the affair in an ironic spirit which relieves the brutality, and when Mrs. Partridge attacks her husband, poor Partridge acts only on the defensive, but when Count Fathom has a difference of opinion with his wife—whom incidentally he has treated disgracefully—'she lent him a box on the ear with such energy as made his eyes water, and he for his honor of manhood and sovereignty having washed her face with a cup of tea, withdrew to a coffee-house in the neighborhood,' is Smollett's treatment of the incident, in the crude brutality of which one seems to detect a certain atmosphere of sympathy with Fathom.

It was a rude age—Smollett was no pale student—a choleric combative Scotchman who had had to fight a hard battle in a very rough school. His early experiences as a ship's doctor in the navy no doubt proved an admirable training in many ways, es-

pecially for a novelist of character, but whatever ingenuous art it taught, the sea of those days hardly tended to soften the manners. Essentially a fighter, his theory of life was the eternal traditions of the navy — whatever the force of the enemy, always attack; and in the joy of combat Smollett was not always very scrupulous in his methods. As Thackeray says of him: 'He fought endless literary battles and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute and his courage sturdy. The battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him.'

The grandson of a Scotch judge, Smollett inherited little but an irritable disposition from both parents, and a sense of humor from his mother. In 1739 he availed himself of the fairest prospect Scotland affords her sons, and started on the high road to England, true to type, with the tragedy of *The Regicide*, and very little else, in his pocket. Of his journey to London the curious may read with considerable entertainment in the opening chapters of *Roderick Random*. As showing the changed condition of life it is not without interest to find two pages of that work devoted to denouncing the extortion of a landlord and the bill set out in full, in final evidence of the 'Knavery of the World':

	s. d.
To bread and beer	6
To a fowl and sausage	2 6
To four bottles quadrim	2 0
To pie and tobacco	7
To lodging	2 0
To breakfast	1 0
	<hr/>
	8 7

Which does not strike one nowadays as so very excessive, especially when we read that quadrim is an excellent ale of the landlord's own brewing — a landlord who quotes Horace and affects a soul above pence, to add to his villainy — and Smollett, with all his faults, was no niggard.

In those days an author sought the help and favor of a patron, according to Dr. Johnson's famous definition, one after Smollett's own heart: 'A wretch who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery.' The first Lord Lyttleton, a peer of literary tastes, is approached, but proves dilatory and unsympathetic. The famous Garrick refused the tragedy, apparently with ample justification. Smollett, though defeated, bides his time, and in *Roderick Random*, nine years afterwards, tells us all about it. Fortunately, Smollett was never reduced to the straits of the gifted Mr. Melopyn, who, when he meets Roderick Random in the Marchelsea, is reduced for clothing to a dirty rug tied about him with two pieces of list. Such is the reward for having written a tragedy which Roderick reads 'with vast pleasure, not a little amazed at the conduct of the managers who had rejected it.' So admirable a work was it, 'judged by the laws of Aristotle and Horace,' that its rejection was due, according to its unfortunate author, entirely to the perfidious conduct of Garrick thinly disguised as Marmozet, of whom he declares, 'Nothing could equal his hypocrisy but his avarice, which conquered the faculties of his soul so much that he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest practice to gratify that sordid appetite.'

In vain does Roderick Random affect to defend him on the ground that his social reputation is inconsistent with such conduct. The pretense is not very convincing and is only too

obviously a device to give the outraged poet another chance, of which he avails himself at once. 'It is not for the qualities of his heart that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment — his avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humors and is of consequence pleasing, but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius [that is, the author of *The Regicide*] is not able to attract the least regard.'

In comparison with this Lord Lyttelton, if not 'paid with flattery,' is let off lightly as Lord Rattle and Sir Gosling Scrag, even if his ode to the memory of his wife is ridiculed by a burlesque ode on the love of a grandmother, a performance of which in later years its author was probably not very proud. Yet in his *History of England* Smollett writes of Garrick: 'The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talent and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every other nation in his genius for acting. In the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his actions, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression,' but then in the interval that distinguished actor had produced, and paid for well, Smollett's farce, *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*. The truce is extended also to the peer, of whom we read in the same work: 'Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life' as exemplified by 'the delicate taste, the polished muse, and the tender feelings of a Lyttelton.' The battle

is over and the not unfriendly hand held out.

So with his struggles as a doctor. He tries to establish a practice in Downing Street and then in Mayfair, and fails. One cannot picture Smollett as a fashionable physician. Among his many gifts a bedside manner was hardly included. In consequence in his books he pokes the most merciless fun at the medical profession. Another attempt is made at Bath with a like result, and he writes a pamphlet to prove that its famous waters are entirely useless for all medical purposes — internal or external. Smollett was a practical man. Religion's appeal to him was slight. Catholicism, he says somewhere, was to him ridiculous, a comedy; Calvinism a tragedy and detestable. His Christianity would always have found it difficult to love an enemy unless, indeed, he had drubbed him soundly first. Although he never made a success as a doctor, in some ways he was far ahead of his time. He had an enormous belief in cold water and fresh air, and may claim to have discovered sea bathing as a medical treatment.

But with Smollett, as with so many of his peculiar temperament, his bark was much worse than his bite. At heart a generous kindly man, who found it as hard to do an unkind thing as to say a civil one. In the midst of his strenuous work he was a devoted husband and best of fathers. What a charming picture one of his letters gives: 'Many a time do I stop my task and betake me to a game of romps with Betty while my wife looks on, smiling and longing in her heart to join in the sport.' Poor Betty, whose early death he never quite recovered. Like most Scotchmen he was a stanch friend, especially to those in need, but perhaps the best testimonial to the real character of the man is the fact that when broken in health and fortune he went on his

travels to the South of France, his servant, after twelve years' service, refused to leave him. There must be something inherently attractive in a man whose dependents love him. The real test is not whether a man is a hero to his valet, but how long he has managed to keep him.

Among his multifarious labors Smollett ran a kind of literary factory where he turned out every kind of production from a *Universal History* to a translation of *Voltaire*. To get through the work he kept an army of hack writers in constant work. There was nothing unusual in this, it was the age of *Grub Street*, but Smollett provided the agreeable novelty of entertaining them every Sunday to dinner at his house in *Chelsea*. A most entertaining account of the *ménage* will be found in *Humphry Clinker*: 'Every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's Entire butt beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality because some of his guests could not enjoy it upon any other for reasons I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain yet decent habitation which opened backward into a very pleasant garden kept in excellent order, and indeed I saw none of the outward sign of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage and above dependence.' The account of the company which follows is one of the best examples of Smollett's fun, and with the famous party, after the manner of the 'antients' in *Peregrine Pickle*, remains as entertaining as anything in English literature. But even better than Smollett's conscious picture of himself is the unconscious.

Francis Barber, Dr. Johnson's black

servant, had the misfortune to be pressed on board the *Stag* frigate, Captain Angel. Smollett writes to Wilkes on his behalf: 'I am again your petitioner in behalf of that great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson. . . . Our lexicographer is in great distress; he says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat which renders him very unfit for His Majesty's Service. You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than of laying him under an obligation.' There spoke the real man, and through Wilkes's influence Barber was restored to a service for which he was better adapted than His Majesty's. An odd, agreeable incident, which shows at one in kindness of heart three very different men.

After the failure of the tragedy, for a time Smollett abandoned literature, and taking a position of surgeon in the navy sailed in the squadron under Sir Chaloner Ogle. He was present during the whole of the operations against *Carthagena* in 1741, and remained in the navy until 1744. They were four momentous years. It was then that Smollett gained that intimate knowledge of the English sailor to which we owe *Morgan and Bowling*, *Hatchway* and *Trunnion*, and it was on his way home that he met at *Jamaica* the beautiful Miss Lascelles, to whom he was so happily married. Nancy Lascelles, as the daughter of a planter, should have been an heiress, but something went wrong with her fortune. This was of little account to a man of Smollett's spirit. Upon his return, for some time he hesitated between medicine and literature, and it was not until in 1748 he published *Roderick Random*, and his genius found its real expression. The book had an immediate success. The knowledge of life, sense of char-

acter and consistent succession of humorous scenes and incidents appealed directly to the public, in spite of its underlying bitterness of tone. It is the work of a proud, sensitive man smarting under a sense of failure, and even worse — the successes of many he felt with justice his inferiors.

Peregrine Pickle followed in 1751, and at once there is apparent a more genial atmosphere. If Peregrine — 'the savage and ferocious Pickle,' as Scott calls him — is no great advance as an hero upon Roderick, the society at the garrison strikes a much more human note. It's true the practical joke is still the basis of a good deal of the humor. It is a little startling to find a plot to marry the unfortunate Commodore to the repulsive Miss Grizzle treated as excellent fun, especially when engineered and carried to a successful end by the two people who profess the greatest affection for their victim. But there is real pathos in the scene of Trunnion's death, and what sailor could wish a finer epitaph than Hatchway's on his old friend: 'Well fare thy soul, old Hawser Trunnion, man and boy I have known thee these five-and-thirty years, and sure a truer heart never broke biscuit. Many a hard gale hast thou weathered, but now thy spells are all over and thy hull fairly laid up. A better commander I'd never desire to serve, and who knows but I may help to set up thy standing rigging in another world.' After *Peregrine Pickle* Smollett established himself at his house in Chelsea, which was his home for twenty years.

Except to a criminologist *Ferdinand Count Fathom* is a dull book. Smollett falls into the vulgar error that crime is amusing. The truth is, as a rule, a villain is a dull dog. The idea that criminals are a dashing, fascinating crew is the poorest cant of the penny dreadful. Only stupid people commit crimes; no

one turns to the road if he has contrivance enough to make an honest living. There is no duller reading than the *Newgate Calendar*. Cassanova himself after a volume or two becomes a bore. If one took the lives of twelve saints I venture to think they would provide much more entertainment than the same number of sinners, however desperate. Even Fielding made a tedious affair of *Jonathan Wild*, despite its irony.

At Chelsea all the time a vast output went on. Histories, voyages, compendiums of information, were poured upon the town. Smollett, who in his original preface to *Roderick Random* admitted his indebtedness to Gil Blas, among other ventures translated *Don Quixote*, and the task no doubt suggested Sir Launcelot Greaves, a knight-errant in an English setting. In addition to his other labors he became editor of the *Critical Review*, and here his combativeness got him into serious trouble. It appears that Admiral Knowles's conduct on the occasion of the Rochfort Expedition was the subject of comment, which in the *Critical Review* took this form: 'He is,' said Smollett, 'an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity.' A vigorous piece of writing which cost its author three months' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred pounds. He next started the *Briton Magazine*, a hopeless attempt to make Lord Bute popular. Its only practical result was to involve Smollett in a quarrel with Wilkes; whose retaliatory *North Briton* carried heavier metal. A series of misfortunes followed. Lord Bute threw him over, poor Betty died, his finances became affected, and in 1763 he shut up his Chelsea establishment, and 'traded by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and over-

whelmed with a sense of a domestic calamity,' he sought mental and physical relief in foreign travel.

During the two years' absence he wrote letters to his various friends, which form his *Travels through France and Italy*, one of the few books of travel that have proved of permanent interest. A pioneer can always get an audience; it takes a writer to keep it. Smollett was both, for the author of *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* may fairly claim to have discovered the Riviera. In another classic of travel Sterne describes our author. 'The learned Smelfungus traveled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on, but he set out with the spleen and the jaundice. He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.' And again:

'I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he had been flayed alive and beheaded and used worse than St. Bartholomew at every stage he had come at.—"I'll tell it," cried Smelfungus, "to the world."—"You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician." There was a tragic truth in this, more perhaps than Sterne guessed. The poor traveler, although he refused to admit it, had already developed the seeds of consumption which eventually killed him. Arriving at Boulogne in August with a bad cold, to the amazement of the natives he went in for a course of sea bathing. 'By this desperate remedy got a fresh cold in my head, but my stitches and fever vanished the very first day, and by a daily repetition of the bath I have diminished my cough, strengthened my body, and recovered my spirits.'

Smollett was not an easy traveler; he had one great disqualification common to generous natures—a hatred

of being swindled—and found the bills even worse than Roderick Random's. The customs officials who held up his library of books were 'vermin,' a classification which alone should endear him to travelers everywhere and always. His ultimate destination was Nice, but he traveled by Montpellier, at that time the most famous health resort in Europe, in order to see the antiquities around Nimes and Anjou, and to try how far the climate suited his ailment. On the way he engages Joseph, his coachman, who turns out to have been a member of a gang of brigands headed by one Maudrin—the Dick Turpin of eighteenth-century France. Joseph, in fact, had only been pardoned in consideration of his performing upon Maudrin the office of executioner. However, Joseph proved 'very obliging and submissive,' and at once became, like all Smollett's dependents, devoted to his master, so much so, that on Smollett's return eighteen months later, the amiable brigand, on seeing him again, 'shed tears of joy.' At Montpellier practised the great lung specialist of the day, Dr. Fyees. Smollett, ever suspicious of the faculty, submits a statement of his case in Latin, and the doctor declares that he has tubercles in the lungs. It was only too true, but Smollett will not admit the truth, ridicules the poor professor, and pushes on for Nice.

If he had no other title to fame, Smollett discovered the Riviera. 'Winter in all his rigor reigning on one side of the house and summer in all her glory on the other,' still describes its climate. He stays the night at Cannes, 'a little fishing town, agreeably situated on the beach of the sea'; and so to Nice. The poor invalid is enraptured with the beauty of the scene. 'When I stand upon the rampart and look round me, I can scarce help thinking myself enchanted.' Those who sneer at Smol-

lett as a Goth, insensible to beauty of all kinds, should read his appreciation and admirable description of the beauties, architectural and natural, of Southern France. Even in the eighteenth century the trade in flowers was in full vogue. 'Presents of carnations are sent from hence in the winter to Turin and Paris, nay, sometimes as far as London, by the post. They are [and still are] packed up in a wooden box without any sort of preparation, one pressed upon another; the person who receives them cuts off a little bit of the stalk, and steeps them for two hours in vinegar and water, when they recover their full bloom and beauty.' Those who grumble at the cost of a railway ticket to the south must remember that in September, 1764, 'the journey from Calais to Nice of four persons in a coach, or two post-chaises, with a servant on horseback traveling post, may be performed with care for about one hundred and twenty pounds, including every expense.'

At Nice he continued the sea bathing. 'The people here were very surprised when I began to bathe in the middle of May; they thought it very strange that a man seemingly consumptive should plunge into the sea, especially when the weather was so cold, and some of the doctors prognosticated immediate death; but when it was perceived that I grew better in consequence of the bath, some of the Swiss officers tried the same experiment, and in a few days our example was followed by several inhabitants of Nice.' The climate delights him, but it is gratifying to learn that even in the eighteenth century 'the seasons seem more irregular than formerly.' The Gothic view of Smollett is largely due to Sterne, who accuses him of speaking disrespectfully of the Pantheon. "'T is nothing but a huge cockpit," said he. —"I wish you had said nothing worse

of the Venus of Medici," replied I.' It is a most unfair attack. 'I had a most eager curiosity to see the antiquities of Florence and Rome. I longed impatiently to view those wonderful edifices, statues, and pictures which I had so often admired in prints and descriptions. I felt an enthusiastic ardor to tread that very classical ground, which had been the scene of so many great achievements,' is hardly the language of a Philistine. It is true he was not merely a critic, but an independent critic. He did not like Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*, and said so, in which he joined hands with a later novelist, Wilkie Collins. But in saying of Raphael's art, 'He has the serenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer,' he adds to the felicity of phrase a nice perception of artistic values.

If he did not like the Pantheon he did full justice to the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and the baths of Caracalla. And after all, complain as Sterne did of his usage of the Venus, poor Smollett is most apologetic to the lady. 'I believe I ought to be entirely silent, or at least conceal my real sentiments, which will otherwise appear equally absurd and presumptuous. It must be want of taste that prevents my feeling that enthusiastic admiration with which others are inspired.' All he did say was, 'I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of the Venus, and that the attitude is awkward and out of character.' In June, 1765, the traveler returned to his native land, writing, 'I love it still more tenderly as the scene of all my interesting connections, as the habitation of my friends, for whose conversation, correspondence, and esteem I wish alone to live.' His health was undoubtedly improved. To show, as it were, that there was still life in the old dog, he writes *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which he, refreshed by travel,

runs genially amuck among patrons, politicians, and the public life of the day. But the strain of work began again to try his constitution, but not before he had completed, while the southern sun still lingered in his bones, his greatest book, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which Thackeray described as 'the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began.'

It was probably his letters from the south that suggested the epistolary form in which it is written. Tedium as that method is for the exposition of a story, Smollett saw what an admirable opportunity it gave a humorist. The different points of view with which the same incidents are seen and recorded by the varying characters make an ever-changing feast of fun. In *Humphry Clinker*, Smollett found himself at last, and quite unconsciously the splenetic fighter merges into the genial humorist, Matthew Bramble. But the end was near. Poor Smollett never lived to enjoy the success of *Humphry Clinker*. In 1770 he was driven again abroad by his health, and this time started upon a journey longer than he had anticipated.

To anyone fond of reading a bad memory is a great asset. It is about the equivalent of a moderately stocked library. One turns back to the old books with an ever-fresh enjoyment. Sometimes, it is true, to be disappointed. The masterpieces of our boyhood are not always quite as good as we thought, but others turn out surprisingly better. Smollett certainly does not disappoint.

His style, if not in the least literary, is certainly literature, direct, pointed, and economic. His words tell and are always the right ones. In times of peace and prosperity the reflective and philosophical appeals. Gentle problems for armchair solution wile away the pleasant Sunday afternoons of the well-to-do. In times of stress and struggle we turn to the simpler stories of life and character.

When Carlyle wanted to forget the destruction of the French Revolution he read the admirable works of Captain Marryat. So Smollett's turn may come. As long as humor and characterization attract, *Humphry Clinker* will be sure of an audience, and Tabitha Bramble, Winifred Jenkins, and Lismahago continue to delight us. One thing is undoubtedly true of Smollett. No one who ever wrote has had so great and abiding influence on future novelists. Dickens's debt to him was immense. Actual incidents he reproduces. Sam Weller's joining Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet is merely Peregrine Pickle and Hatchway and Pipes over again, and among 'the glorious host' that came out of the 'blessed little room' upstairs to console David Copperfield's childhood by their grateful company, Dickens does not forget to include Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphry Clinker.

To the suggestive genius of Tobias Smollett, Fanny Burney, Walter Scott, Marryat, and Charles Lever all owe, not in the sense of plagiarism but of inspiration, a debt they would never have repudiated.

[*The Spectator*]

THE NEW COLUMBUS

BY R. H. LAW

Amid the booths and shows,
Full in the naphtha-glare,
Mad Christopher arose,
The prophet of the fair.

Wild-eyed and beetle-browed,
A figure gaunt and pale,
Before the jeering crowd
He told his wonder-tale.

‘A traveler I have been
To a world beyond your view,
A world where grass is green
And skies are often blue;

‘A rainbow-colored land
Where purple clouds I saw,
Seashores of ruddy sand
And yellow corn and straw.

‘How steadfast were those hills!
How firm the level plain!
What movement in the rills!
How plashed the thunder-rain!

‘A river there I know
That glitters in the light;
All day its waters flow
Nor rest they in the night.

‘Small skylarks in that air
Sing high on feathered wings;
Even buttercups are there
And daisies common things.

‘There if you struck a bell
It always gave a sound;
And, if an apple fell,
It fell upon the ground.

‘Their moon it floated free,
Their stars would seldom fall;
How might such marvels be,
Or things be there at all?

‘Of men in cap and gown
I asked the reason why;
But, though they talked me down,
They knew no more than I.’

Here ceased the madman’s word,
So loud their laughter grew;
His tale was too absurd
For them to hear it through.

ROMNEY MARSH

BY W. B. NICHOLS

Here once the moon her legendary tides
Led in reiterate phalanx o’er the
roods
Of marsh, where dragonish and finny
broods
Wallowed, and glimmering mackerel
lipped their sides;
Here now the sun abides, and grass
abides,
And lambs browse on the soundless
solitudes,
While, far-off, roaring through the
year’s four moods,
Old, excommunicate ocean rides and
chides.
So from time’s sea, and virgin to the
stars,
Is here and there won by the spirit
of man
A green eternal pasture — as when
first
The cataclysmic heart of nature
burst
Asunder in fire, and life’s æonian wars
Of aspiration toward a God began.

[*Coterie*]
MERLIN

BY T. W. EARP

Merlin the wise and good,
The counselor of kings,
Has gone out to the wood
And in cracked voice sings;

Because a maid has caught him
That had all the world’s lore,
And love’s new learning taught him
That never loved before.

He droops his old, thin hands
To dabble in the pool,
And laughs, and understands,
And knows the world a fool.

